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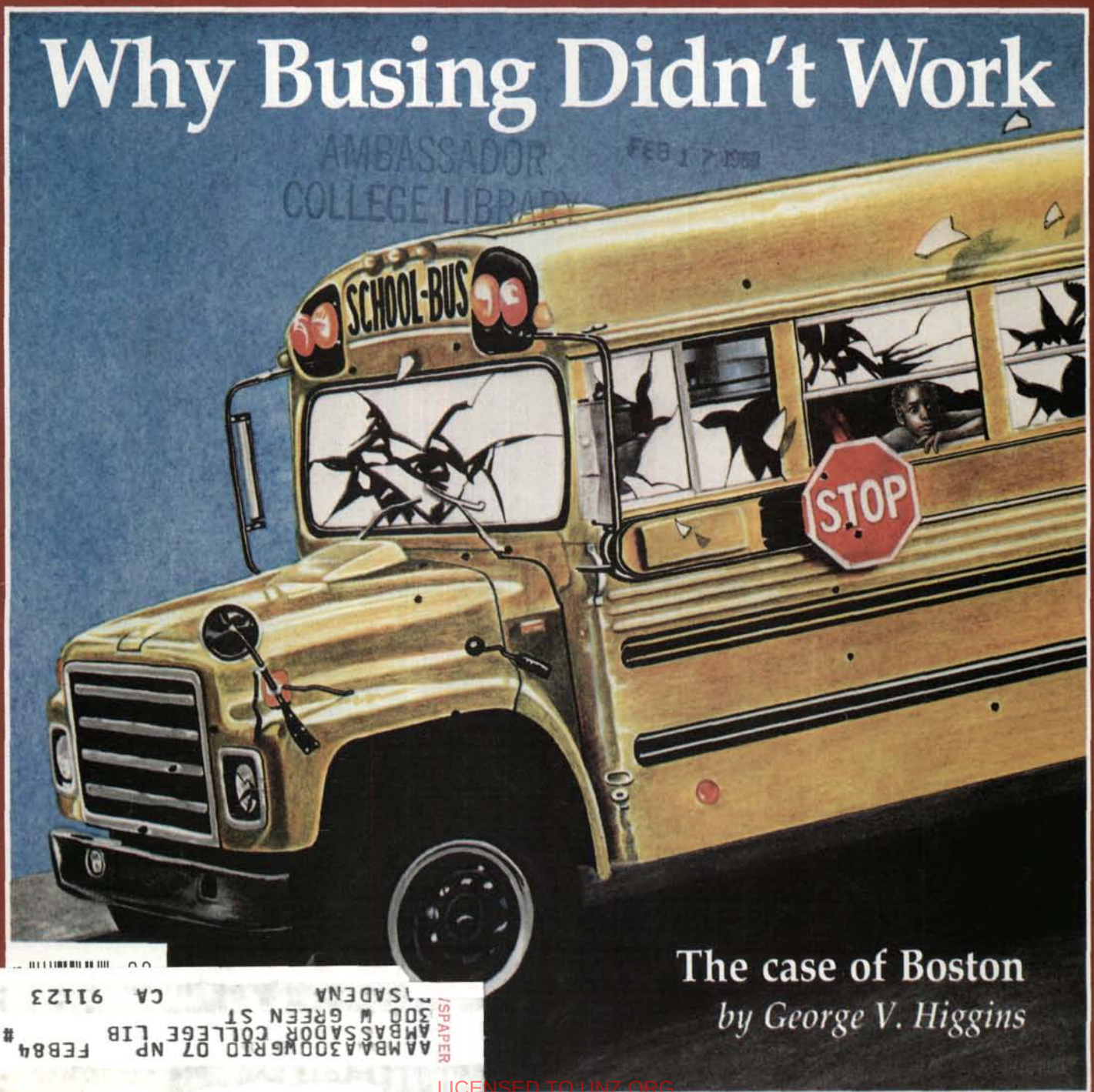
THE NEW REPUBLIC

Why Busing Didn't Work



The case of Boston
by George V. Higgins

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HOORAY FOR HOT RODS

To the editors:

With regard to Paul Blumberg's thesis that nasty automakers in Detroit brainwashed a naive public into purchasing cars that were too big and too fast ("Snarling Cars," TNR, January 24), may I say that I spent a considerable portion of my youth in the '50s and '60s trying to make what we viewed as conservative Detroit products go even faster. It is my firm recollection that the hot rod craze was as indigenous and spontaneous an American phenomena as ever arose, and that we hot rodders practically forced a reluctant auto industry into building muscle cars to suit our cravings.

Perhaps in retrospect there was an immense amount of carnage wrought by such as me. Perhaps we did burn up more than our fair share of the world's petroleum. Nevertheless, I must confess I would still rather own a '57 Chevy with a hot camshaft than the most virtuous Volkswagen ever built.

Incidentally, does Mr. Blumberg really think that the American race has so changed its spots that it can be persuaded to live forever with cars incapable of exceeding a mile a minute? If we wish to go faster, will we all have to ride some approved form of public transportation such as a supertrain? How does someone tinker with a supertrain in his backyard? And why are those virtuous foreigners now trying to brainwash me into buying bigger and faster imports?

MIKE COOKE
Dillon, Montana

To the editors:

Paul Blumberg on the Detroit automobile left me between laughter and tears, laughing that his half-truths have such currency in them, and crying over my lost youth when I too knew what was "sensible" and "sane" for America.

In America we write our biographies in terms of the cars we have owned. In 1955 I bought my first, a VW Beetle. We would wave at other Beetles, and when we counted fifty from New York City to Rochester we thought all America would soon be sensible—like us. So blind is youth and theory that we loved that wretched little car. It was uncomfortable, it needed constant service and repairs, and it was suicidally slow in tight spots.

The 1971 VW Bus was more useful and more fun, but still murderously slow, deafening loud, and always sick. Yet what good times as the kids grew up! Then—not so young but still an idealist—the 1975 VW Rabbit, the car GM took apart to imitate. The frail little body rusted out in three years, and the engine fell out at five.

In this history the reader may detect some of the alienation from American values of the dollar-short, declassé academic. I have converted to Americanism only since I inherited a 2.2 ton, 19-foot, 8-cylinder, 454 cubic inch, 4-barrel 1973 Chevy Caprice, "like new and loaded," as they say. What space and comfort! What effortless delight on long trips! Built like a tank for durability and safety, with huge power to get out of danger. How well named I find it, representing "a sudden, impulsive change in the way I think"! And our '80 Malibu wagon is a much more sane and sensible family car than anything the Japanese make.

At last I know why Detroit calls them "Imperial," "Versailles," "Regal," "Regency," "Monarch," "Marquis," and "Le Baron." In America we can all be aristocrats! Off I go in search of "El Dorado," a gentleman from "Cordoba," "Seville," "Granada," borne on a "Zephyr" to heaven's gate like Shakespeare's "Skylark," reborn like his sole Arabian bird, the "Phoenix."

Save me from the day when the business of Detroit is left to sociologists turned amateur economists, Freudians, and verbal critics. Save me from a world of "Rabbits," "Gremlins," and "Misers."

JAMES HOYLE
Rochester, Michigan

SOUTHERN PRESIDENTS

To the editors:

In his perceptive review of two new books about Lyndon B. Johnson, Godfrey Hodgson writes, "He was, of course, the first Southerner to become President since the Civil War" ("The Most American President," TNR, February 7).

L.B.J. was, of course, the second. TNR was founded during the Administration of the first twentieth-century Southern President, Thomas Woodrow Wilson.

Born in Virginia, Wilson was raised in Georgia, where a treasured boyhood memory, during the War Between the States, was standing beside the revered General Robert E. Lee. (Now that's Southern!) During Reconstruction, young Wilson moved to the ravaged capital of South Carolina, and his earliest recorded political dream was to be a Senator from his native Virginia.

DON D. WRIGHT
Seattle, Washington

SOLIDARITY LIVES

To the editors:

We found the editorial on Poland "Bloodied and Bowed" (TNR, December 27, 1982) moving, but its tone unduly pessimistic. Even though Solidarity is now clearly on the defensive, it is premature to engage in post-mortems and requiems. A movement of ten million people will not simply disappear.

The statement "Religion, it may be, is the opiate of the Polish people" is unfair to the Poles. Primate Glemp is extremely unpopular with Solidarity leaders, the rank and file workers, and Catholic intellectuals. Even other priests and bishops oppose his conciliatory stands.

It must not be forgotten that, apart from Primate Glemp's accommodationist stance, the Church has been helpful to Solidarity. Since December 13, 1981, most demonstrations began and ended in churches. Churches were meeting places for Solidarity activists who were in hiding. All the interventions on behalf of the families of the internees were handled by priests, and aid from the West has been, in large part, distributed by the Church. Many militant priests took considerable risks by strongly condemning martial law in their sermons.

According to information I have recently had from Poland, the bishops are receiving thousands of letters warning them not to abandon Solidarity and even predicting dire consequences for the Church if it does. Most Poles are loyal Catholics, but they are not Khomeini-like fanatics who unthinkingly follow their mullahs. The Poles have articulated, and will continue to articulate, their displeasure with the Church if it disappoints their political expectations.

This said, one must admit that there is a potential rift between the Church and Solidarity that could prove disastrous to long-range resistance to the regime. Some Solidarity leaders understand this and have recently called for a certain distancing between the Church and Solidarity. They argue intelligently that the Church is not a social movement and cannot be expected to fight Solidarity's

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FROM WASHINGTON

Cranston's Credentials

I sit at my old roll top desk and consider some of the things reporters talk about here in Washington. For instance, is Alan Cranston too bald to be President? Democratic hopefuls are popping out of the ground now like snowdrops. It is a funny way we have of picking the person who may become the most powerful on earth. A Presidential candidate is best off if he is a war hero, but we haven't had any heroic wars recently. Lacking that, we turn to familiar figures. Politicians call it "name recognition." That's what Cranston and the others are now seeking. That's why they scurry about the nation making speeches. Being a Hollywood star helps, too, of course; and John Glenn was an astronaut. A Presidential candidate is helped by looks and leisure and friends with plenty of money. Carter and Reagan spent years running for the Presidency. There is a mystic bond between people and President. Is the candidate a father figure? Does he have charisma?

There are also things a Presidential candidate shouldn't be; I weigh these qualities for Senator Cranston. He was asked on "Meet the Press" if he didn't think he was too old, too little known to be a successful candidate. He answered good humoredly that he was younger than Ronald Reagan and Soviet leader Yuri Andropov, and he challenged them or anybody to a 60-yard dash or a mountain climb carrying a 60-pound pack. Senate colleagues made him Minority Whip, which means that he's the No. 2 Democrat in the Upper House. Frankly, I like him. He is also, I must add, a dull speaker. But, oh how good it is to hear somebody speak passionately about the peace issue, to declare that neither side in the Moscow-Washington debate is offering "really negotiable terms." On the air he quoted the report of the American Psychiatric Association that "half the children of America are presently so concerned with the nuclear war threat that they don't know what to do about their careers, marriages, families. That's a terrible nightmare hanging over our children," he said.

Another thing to ponder here over my roll top desk is the economy. I don't know when we have had such conflicting views. Yes, there are signs of recovery. Unemployment is down a bit, and there are more housing starts, and better news from Detroit. But witnesses at Congressional committees keep talking about a world debt bomb and the near bankruptcy of developing nations. "Of the $500 billion owed by developing countries today," begins William Cline of the Institute for International Economics before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, ". . . approximately $375 billion is owed to private banks." There are two debt problems, he says. "The first is that the inability to service this debt could cause bank crises and international monetary crises. The second is that debt servicing difficulties can slow growth . . . contributing to worldwide recession."

These economists have a jargon of their own. When others can't pay their bills, they are bankrupt, but if it's a less developed country it has "negative net worth." A big deficit is "negative growth." The key word around here right now, incidentally, is "growth": everybody wants to restore growth. The shocks of near default in Poland, Argentina's debt disruption, and Mexico's suspension of payment precipitated the current crisis. You can hear Ronald Reagan's cheery warbling rising above the gloom, but a lot of bankers are shaky. Sure, it's "manageable," they say, but then they give figures showing that the largest banks made loans abroad they can't pay: "The nine largest U.S. banks have loans to Eastern Europe and developing countries . . . amounting to 290 percent of their capital," explained Mr. Cline. There are a lot of schemes floating around, he adds, for the World Bank or the International Monetary Fund or somebody to buy up bank debt at 90 cents on the dollar, but he doesn't take much stock in it. He and others, such as John Petty, president of Marine Midland Bank, want the United States to make a larger contribution to the I.M.F., from which other

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The "crisis" in our courts has been misdiagnosed.

Criminal justice reforms usually fail, argues Malcolm Feeley, because they are based on false assumptions. His eye-opening book shows, for example, why less crowded court calendars do not bring speedier trials, and why harsher sentences do not cause the crime rate to drop.

"At last ... a sophisticated but easily understood analysis of what can and should be done.... What a welcome relief from the demagoguery that permeates most public discussion of the problem." —*Jack B. Weinstein, Federal Judge, Eastern District of New York*

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FAIRNESS AND FLUMMERY

In the dark arts of budget-making, the new Governor of New York, Mario Cuomo, offers an exemplary contrast to the President of the United States. Like President Reagan, Governor Cuomo has a big deficit to plug. By any standard, his is an austerity budget. He proposes to raise sales and excise taxes by $900 million, and to cut 14,000 jobs from the state payroll. But the Cuomo budget demonstrates that even in hard times one can pursue fiscal fairness.

"The pain in the budget must be diffused and shared," says Governor Cuomo. He proposes a major shift in school aid formulas to give more to the neediest districts, a plan guaranteed to win few friends in the suburbs. He proposes to spend over $100 million to relieve prison overcrowding, as an emblem not of toughness but of decency. He proposes a large increase in state aid to localities—including having Albany pick up most of the local share of Medicaid, which will save hard-pressed cities, notably New York, some $359 million.

The fact that New York State's big cities are in such fiscal straits is due in large part to the other budget—the one made in Washington. In President Reagan's State of the Union address, he used words quite like Governor Cuomo's to describe his own austerity budget. Mr. Reagan's "across-the-board freeze on domestic spending" conveys the idea of equal sacrifice. But a closer look at the budget numbers shows that in fact the same groups that took disproportionate cuts in the first two Reagan budgets—namely the "truly needy"—are being told they must do so again.

In fiscal 1981 a total of $101 billion was spent on federal "means-tested" programs. These are the programs limited to the poor and near-poor: food stamps, Medicaid, low-rent housing, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, compensatory education, job training, legal services, and special-needs programs like nutrition and maternal care. Between 1981 and 1983, spending in these areas dropped by $17 billion to a total of $84 billion. Mr. Reagan wants to cut them another $13 billion, or 19 percent in fiscal 1984. Low-income energy assistance alone is to be reduced from $2 billion to $1.3 billion, a cut of 34 percent. And since poor people happen to rely heavily on gas, the price of which is rising steeply, they are doubly damned.

As careful research by the Center on Budget and Policy Priorities shows, the Reagan budget relies on a variety of subterfuges to obscure the pattern of the cuts. Many programs are being folded into other programs. For example, the budget message talks about maintaining funding for child nutrition; in fact child nutrition programs aimed at the very poor are being lumped into a new block grant and will take a 29 percent cut.

The Administration's new job training initiatives were seen by many as a sign that the President was finally addressing the problem of chronic unemployment. But the fine print in the budget shows projected spending of $3.6 billion in fiscal 1984, down from $4.1 billion in 1983. A $271 million job-training program for welfare mothers is to be scrapped entirely. Mr. Reagan expects workfare to push A.F.D.C. recipients off the rolls more efficiently.

In another bit of accounting sorcery, the President's budget compares 1984 projections with pre-shrunk 1983 outlays. For instance, in the Title I school aid program—the basic federal education program for the needy—the 1984 outlay of $3 billion equals the 1983 figure only because the Administration cut 1983 spending by $154 million in midyear. As his own main education initiative, Mr. Reagan offers parents of children attending private schools a new tax credit.

Buried in the budget are numerous indirect assaults through formula changes, such as a big rent increase for public housing tenants. Present law requires that they pay 30 percent of their income as rent. Mr. Reagan wants to raise these rents by counting food stamps as income. In Mississippi, where the average public housing family gets about half its income from food stamps, this will equal a rent increase of 100 percent.

In health care, the Reagan budget proposes to tax a portion of private health insurance benefits and to bill

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Medicare patients for a portion of the first sixty days of hospital costs. The former proposal is arguably fair; only the most expensive health insurance plans would be subject to any tax, and they tend to serve the wealthier half of the population. But the latter is hardest on the poor, who have no private health insurance to supplement their Medicare.

So there is nothing "across-the-board" about Mr. Reagan's domestic budget "freeze." It is a "freeze" only in the sense that if one averages the steep cuts in programs for the poor against the automatic increases in such middle-class entitlement programs as Social Security, Medicare, veterans' pensions, and the biggest domestic gainer of all, unemployment compensation, it comes out even. Even, but not fair. And military spending rises by some $25 billion, just about twice what is being taken from programs for the poor. Mr. Reagan's concept of budgetary parity brings to mind the fellow with one foot in an ice bucket and the other in boiling water whose average temperature is normal.

As long as Reaganism reigns in the White House, efforts like Governor Cuomo's notion to promote budgetary equity in one state face probably insuperable odds. No state budget can do much to put a dent in an unemployment rate of 10 percent. States cannot print money to cover deficits. Only Washington possesses the fiscal and monetary tools to cure recession. President Reagan may easily undo Governor Cuomo's admirable efforts at budgetary justice, and Mr. Cuomo will have to take the heat for the pain of raising state taxes and for reslicing a shrinking pie. Budgetary equity begins in Washington.

Keep On Filling

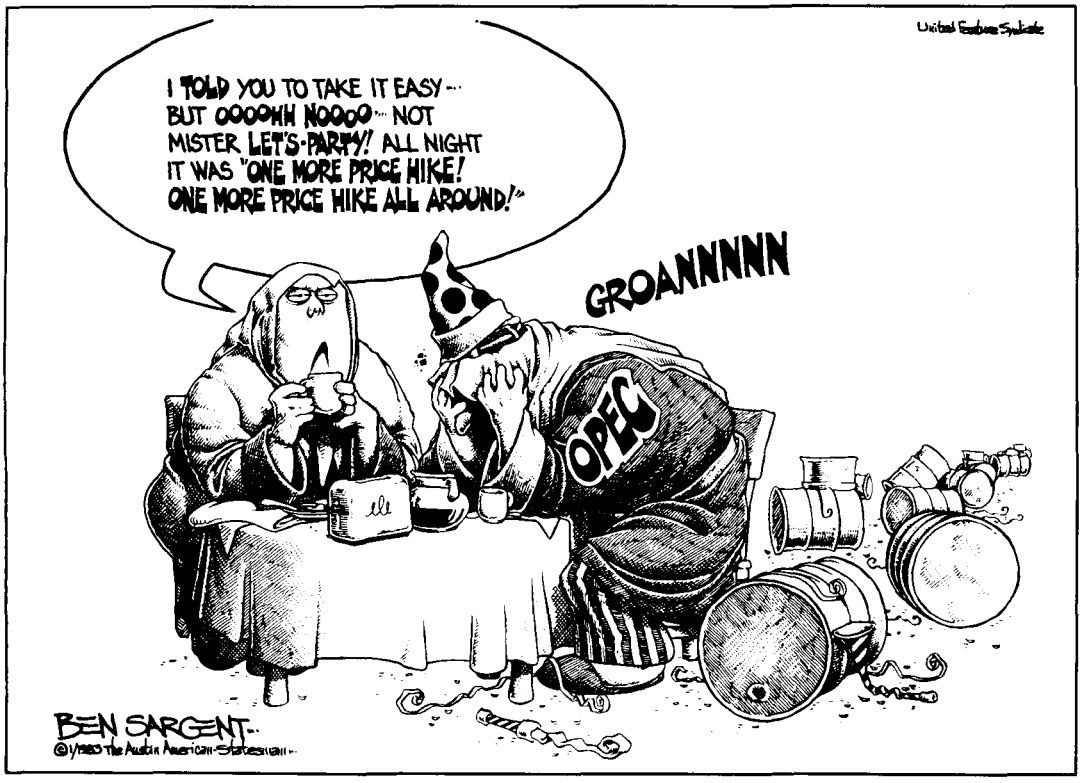
In its eagerness to keep the fiscal 1984 federal deficit below $200 billion, the Reagan Administration has shortsightedly proposed a drastic reduction in the purchase of oil to fill the strategic petroleum reserve. It took barely a week from the time the budget was submitted to reveal just how shortsightedly.

The reserve was established after the Arab oil embargo of 1973 to ensure that this country could withstand another cutoff. When filled, the reserve will hold 750 million barrels, enough to supply basic energy needs for ninety days. The reserve is less than half full now, but President Reagan is proposing to slow the rate of acquisition from 216,000 barrels a day to 145,000 in order to save $2 billion next year.

In the course of justifying the cutback, Energy Secretary Donald Hodel told a Senate committee that the potential for another oil embargo "is far less" than in the past. Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey wrestled out of Hodel the comment that therefore the Persian Gulf is of less interest to the United States than it used to be. Hodel said that the United States is now importing only 5 million barrels per day (instead of a once-anticipated 11 million), and that Mexico has become our chief supplier, replacing Saudi Arabia.

"When you look at those changes, at consumption changes, at the availability of private stocks, at the availability of the Strategic Petroleum Reserve at 300 million barrels, we find we are very, very close to being able to withstand a 90-day interruption."

That was February 1. On February 7 Iran sent thousands of troops into Iraq. Administration officials (not in the Department of Energy) made known their fear that Iran would cut the Baghdad-to-Basra highway, isolate Basra, send its inhabitants streaming southward into Kuwait, and spread panic throughout the Gulf. The new invasion demonstrates how abruptly oil supply prospects could change. There is a glut of oil in world markets just now and the price is falling,



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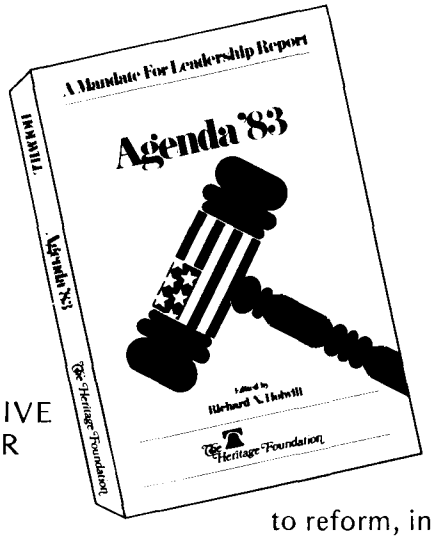

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but these conditions won't last forever. The recovery of the world economy will eventually reduce the glut and stabilize prices. Iranian military adventurism could curtail production even sooner.

Instead of slowing the pace at which we fill up the strategic reserve, the United States should be using the opportunity of plentiful supplies and low prices to speed the process. We do not have to help Arab producers in the process. Mexico and Venezuela, faced with declining oil revenues and burgeoning debts, will be only too happy to have the business.

NOTEBOOK

□ GANDHI IS BACK, this time on the big screen, and Ralph Nader has seen him three times. "He sought to turn the consumers into the producers for their own needs," Mr. Nader said. "A parallel for our time might be the drive to insulate our homes and increase the use of passive and active solar devices and thus to displace the giant multinational corporations." Mr. Nader has made a surprising mistake. There is no comparing a consumer to an ascetic. They inhabit utterly different social and philosophical worlds. Gandhi did not spin his own cloth in order to save on his clothes bills and spend on a car. He considered goods a cause of spiritual failure. The consumer rights movement, therefore, cannot use him. It represents a politically developed form of some of the crassest materialism in history. More power to Mr. Nader, but not Gandhi's power, please. Gandhi was not a man who worried about insulation. He was a man who did not worry about the cold.

□ THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE Athletic Association has adopted new requirements for freshman participation in varsity sports. "Proposition 48" rules that no first-year student may compete in intercollegiate athletics unless he or she achieved both a "C" average in a high school core curriculum and a combined score of 700 (out of a possible 1600) on the Scholastic Aptitude Test. Some black leaders, including Jesse Jackson, have condemned the S.A.T. cutoff as racist, because half of all blacks who take the test fail to break the 700 barrier, compared to a quarter of all whites. There are two things to be said about this. The first is that it is both sad and scandalous for black leaders to confuse racism with standards. They are not at all the same thing, and to say they are sends a message of despair. The second is that the N.C.A.A. has things a little confused. Its aim, presumably, is to help student athletes get a better education. And its theory, presumably, is that keeping freshmen who manifestly need extra academic help off the playing field will give them the time to find that extra help. But finding the time isn't the point. Guaranteeing the help is. What the N.C.A.A. should be emphasizing is not exclusion but improvement—improvement, measured in as objective a way as possible, once a student is in college. Too many student athletes are exploited by the magnates of college sports and then after four years are deposited, uneducated, on the street. That's the problem to which the National Collegiate Athletic Association should be addressing itself.

□ WAR ON THE RIGHT DEPARTMENT. Ordinarily we wouldn't intervene, but we were asked. On a TV show the other night, Burkean conservative columnist George Will asserted that Americans are "undertaxed" as a people and ought to pay more to meet domestic and military needs. New Right conservative columnist John Lofton, up in arms, thinks taxes and government spending are a threat to liberty. Mr. Lofton is taking a poll to see what people think. He understands that his own readership tends to be on the rabid side, so he asked TNR readers to join. Write him ("Will" or "Lofton" on the back of a postcard will do) at *The Washington Times*, Washington, D.C. 20002. We favor "graduated Will."

□ FORTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Running through Saroyan's work, and now the hero of *The Human Comedy*, is the figure of a telegraph boy—a modern American Mercury, riding his bike as Mercury ran on the winds, with a blue cap for an astral helmet and a telegraph blank waving the great tidings in his hand. Like most of us, Saroyan comes from that class to which a telegram is never a message, but always an intimation of disaster or great change, the first sounding of some awful ceremony. But here, as Saroyan saw it as a boy, the ceremony is seen through the eyes of the telegraph messenger, and it makes him an ubiquitous folk-character and something of a priest. As he brings news to men he symbolically brings them to each other; as he flits along the American towns, he beats his wings as if to embrace all the lonely Saroyan souls in them. Homer Macauley stands for youth, for expectancy, for the keenness of an adolescence spent in the offices at night, where the sense of danger is gulped down like midnight coffee, and where each ticking brings some special knowledge. But he stands even more for the easy Saroyan knowledge of America, and the easier access to it; he stands for the struggle between his native innocence and the world's experience; and that is the point of the story. This boy unites the American strands in himself; he carries them all. In his life can be heard the pulsing of all the telegraph keys over America—the silvery piping of all those interlocked metals and wires, the grim, visored men listening to the beat of each other's hands, listening to that telegraph heart beating over America. All the locked doors open to this boy; all the reverberations of the national experience are to be heard in him." (Review of William Saroyan's *The Human Comedy* by Alfred Kazin, March 1, 1943.)

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Drugs, guns, and terrorists.

K.G.B. CONNECTIONS

THE REVELATIONS about the possible complicity of the Bulgarian secret police in the shooting of the Pope have produced a grudging admission, even in previously skeptical quarters, that the Soviet Union may be involved in international terrorism. Some patterns have emerged in the past few years that tell us something about the extent to which the Kremlin may use terrorism as an instrument of policy. A great deal of information has lately come to light, some of it accurate, some of it not. One of the most interesting developments appears to be the emergence of a close working relationship between organized crime (especially drug smugglers and dealers) and some of the principal groups in the terrorist network. This embrace can be found in at least three countries: Turkey, Italy, and Cuba. In what follows I have checked what seemed to be the most suggestive information about the relationship: I have confirmed the claims attributed to other journalists, and information stated without attribution represents material I gathered on my own.

"In recent years," said Marvin Kalb in the NBC "White Paper" broadcast last September 21, using weapons and propaganda "the Soviet Union has sought to destabilize Turkey, a huge effort that cost more than $1 billion, supporting both right- and left-wing terrorism." The Turkish case is also the first to come to light in which disciplined terrorist organizations worked closely with drug smugglers on a large scale. This alliance was forged by the early '70s in Turkey, and it provided the network through which Mehmet Ali Agca—the Turk who shot Pope John Paul II—fled Turkey for the comforts of the Hotel Vitosha in Sofia, Bulgaria. Here, according to Kalb, he met a fellow Turk, Omer Mersan, "a key figure in a huge drug smuggling and gun-running operation controlled Mafia-style by yet another Turk, Abuzer Ugurlu, known as 'The Godfather.'" Kalb interviewed Ugur Memcu, one of the leading Turkish experts on Bulgaria's role in drug smuggling. Memcu told Kalb that "the Turkish Mafia is responsible for the smuggling originating in Bulgaria, and therefore it would be right to claim that there is collusion between the Bulgarian authorities and the members of the Turkish Mafia based in Bulgaria." And as every authority on the K.G.B.—from former Bulgarian intelligence officials to former National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski—has observed, it is inconceivable that activities on such a scale could have taken place without Soviet approval.

The same pattern developed in Italy some years later. For a long time an alliance between the Red Brigades and organized criminals was unthinkable. The Brigadiers always claimed to play a purely political role, and the Mafia was predictably upset by terrorist activity. The Mafia plays a conservative role in Italian politics. It is intensely anti-Communist, and it remembers the help it got from the Americans during World War II; besides, terrorism was bad for business, since it put more cops on the street, which put a damper on more traditional forms of criminal activity. With the kidnaping of Aldo Moro, however, the Mafia quietly offered assistance to the Italian government (an offer it refused, since the price—guarantees of "spheres of free influence" for the Mafia—was too high).

During the Moro affair or shortly thereafter, the Red Brigades established links to organized crime. By the time of the Dozier kidnapping last year, the connection was well enough established that Italian investigators hunted for the American general through two channels: the terrorist organization and the drug pipeline. According to highly placed sources in the Italian government, it was information from narcotics dealers that finally led Italian police to Dozier's captors. Indeed, among the positive results of the Dozier affair was the discovery of a mammoth drug-running operation in northern Italy, which is currently under investigation by Judge Carlo Palermo. This month 41 people will go on trial in Trent, accused of trafficking in drugs, arms, and money between Italy and the Middle East. According to articles in such reliable Italian newspapers as *La Stampa*, *Il Giornale Nuovo*, and *Il Corriere della Sera*, a Bulgarian import-export firm, Kintex, is at the center of the investigations, which reportedly have found evidence of drugs and arms smuggling through Bulgarian and Syrian intermediaries (the central figure in the case is a Syrian named Henry Arsan, now in jail in Italy), and terrorist activities.

THE DOZIER CASE confirmed a theory of *Carabiniere* General Carlo Alberto dalla Chiesa, the man who had headed the best of Italy's antiterrorist forces since the late 1970s, and who was murdered last autumn after becoming Prefect of Palermo. Dalla Chiesa believed that the Red Brigades and the Mafia had developed such intimate working relations during the past few years that investigation into Mafia drug activities would lead to the same persons as an investigation into the terrorist organization. Dalla Chiesa became Prefect of Palermo precisely because he believed that Italy would never destroy the terrorists unless the drug runners were also shut down. He paid for his courage with his life, but not before convincing his own superiors of the urgency of an antidrug campaign. Meanwhile Italian antiterrorists are having continued success both against the Red Brigades and against drug smugglers, with the one investigation reinforcing the other. Finally, there is the Cuban operation in the United States. Four members of the Central Committee of the Cuban Communist Party were indicted by a Dade County, Florida, grand jury last November 5 for drug smuggling: Rene Rodríguez Cruz (the president of the Cuban Institute for Friendship with People), Vice-Admiral Aldo Santamaria Cuadrado of the Navy, ex-ambassador to Colombia

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Fernando Ravelo-Renedo, and former minister-counselor to Colombia Gonzalo Bassols Suarez. (The details of this case were written up in detail by Nathan Adams in *Reader's Digest* last July.) I have investigated the question at some length in both Washington and Miami. The U.S. did a first-class job of infiltration. The picture is reminiscent of the one in Turkey and Italy, except that the "connection" in Miami is not Bulgarian, but Cuban.

It is clear from the list of indicted co-conspirators that the Cubans were caught running drugs out of Colombia. Their principal agent was Jaime Guillot-Lara, a Colombian narcotics trafficker who dreamed that cooperation with Cuba and the Cuban-backed M-19 guerrilla movement in Colombia would one day make him president of his country. Instead, he landed in a Mexican jail late in 1981, and after cooperating with Mexican authorities (who in turn had promised to turn him over to the United States) he escaped from prison, surfaced briefly in Spain, and then disappeared. Some believe that Guillot-Lara is dead, others that he is alive in Cuba.

The story of this operation was pieced together by a variety of American law-enforcement agencies working together over months. Agents and officials from Customs, the Drug Enforcement Agency, the Treasury Department, and the F.B.I. cooperated in the investigations. They found that in late 1981, Guillot-Lara arranged to pick up a marijuana shipment off the coast of the Guajira Peninsula, and loaded it onto his boat, which already contained an arms shipment that had been picked up off the coast of Panama. Thus loaded, the ship went to the port of Dibulla, where the arms were unloaded and carried by truck to a clandestine airstrip nearby. Five armed M-19 terrorists guarded the arms until an Aerospeca cargo plane, hijacked by other M-19s, arrived two days later. In the meantime, the marijuana was delivered to the same airstrip, and was given to the pilot of a small private airplane with U.S. registration, who departed as soon as the loading was finished.

When the Aerospeca plane arrived, it was loaded with the arms: 55 large boxes (containing 10 Belgian FAL rifles each) and 90 small boxes (each containing 1,000 cartridges of 7.62 mm. ammunition). The plane couldn't hold it all, and 15 of the ammunition boxes were left behind, hidden in a marsh close to the air strip at a point that could only be reached by canoe or launch. The arms were flown to the Orteguaza River in Caqueta Department, where an M-19 unit was waiting. Guillot-Lara had coordinated the transfer of drugs from Colombia to Miami, and the arrival of weapons from Florida (via Central America) to the terrorists in Colombia. On other occasions, the entire process seems to have been carried out by sea, where the Cuban Navy provided safety to Guillot-Lara, as it did (and does) for numerous other drug traffickers. The arrangement was simple and profitable for the Cubans: large "mother ships" would wait safely in Cuban waters under protection of Castro's navy until smaller "feeder ships" arrived. Then the "mother ship" would move just outside Cuban waters, make whatever transfer was required, and return to safe haven. The Cubans charged a fee for these services ranging from $200,000 to $800,000 per transaction (a small percentage of the profits that could be realized, of course), and recruited some of the traffickers to run arms as well as drugs. Guillot-Lara's close working relationship with the Cubans was neatly demonstrated one day in 1981, when the Cubans mistakenly seized one of the "mother ships" that Guillot-Lara had leased for his operations. He immediately got in touch with Cuban Ambassador Fernando Ravelo in Bogota, who advised his government of the mistake. The "mother ship" was quickly released, with apologies to the captain.

FOR THOSE who have been following international terrorism for the past decade, a pattern of close ties between drug smugglers and terrorists is somewhat surprising. The Red Brigades used to brag of their independence from other organizations, and many so-called revolutionary movements avoided working relations with organized crime, because of a certain moral repugnance and because such contacts inevitably carry risks. Fidel Castro used to boast of his hatred of drug traffickers; he even cooperated with the United States by arresting some smugglers and turning them over to American authorities. Yet today some of the top members of the Cuban regime and various terrorist groups in Latin America seem deeply involved in drug running. What explains this apparent turnabout?

From the Kremlin's standpoint, the relations with organized crime would serve at least two purposes. The Russians are alarmingly short of hard cash these days—one of the effects of the greatly strengthened dollar, and of the continued failure of the Soviet economic system—and running weapons or drugs is one sure way to make big money in a hurry. Moreover, the directions of the flow are ideologically attractive: drugs go to the bourgeois countries, where they corrupt and kill, while the arms go to pro-Communist terrorist groups in the third world (or, as in the case of Italy, the first world).

To be sure, the Russians did not invent arms or drug trafficking, any more than they invented terrorism or political assassination. But now they appear to be actively involved at both ends (M-19's military leader, Jaime Bateman, spent some time in Moscow, for example), and this involvement gives the traffickers and the terrorists a new strength. Yuri Andropov's old organization, the K.G.B., has apparently become a major backer of drug smugglers, arms runners, and terrorists, despite the risks of discovery, despite the old reticence to dabble in such corrupt practices, and despite the current backlash against these operations. Are they really so desperate for money? Or have they gotten hooked themselves?

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Byrne at the barricades.

CHICAGO CHAOSFEST

Chicago

A SHORT, BEEFY MAN in work denims and muddy boots, one of many campaign workers crowding the steps of the First Trinity Lutheran Church, quickly set the tone of the evening. "Welcome to our neighborhood," he said, slapping Representative Harold Washington's broad back with a saloon show of affection. "Welcome to Bridgeport." Inside, Cook County State's Attorney Richard M. Daley, biological and political heir of the late mayor they still call "Boss," offered his own hearty welcome. And soon a mostly white audience of three hundred Daley campaign workers was applauding the black Congressman's alternately humorous and serious attacks on the person both Washington and Daley hope to defeat in Chicago's Democratic mayoral primary this month: Mayor Jane M. Byrne.

The three are locked in a raw, bare-knuckled fight for the power and the glory of ruling a raw, bare-knuckled city. Even for Chicago, it is already an extraordinarily contentious contest—one that will test the strength both of the Democratic machine Byrne seized four years ago and of Chicago's once politically impotent black community. There is a real possibility that the primary will rewrite the equation for dividing power in the nation's second city.

For Washington—the first black with a chance to become mayor of the city often called the most racially segregated north of the Mason-Dixon Line—the Bridgeport visit was symbolic. Bridgeport was the home of every Chicago mayor for almost a half century before Byrne broke the spell in 1979, and it is not known for its tolerance. A blue-collar immigrant enclave, with Irish, Lithuanian, Italian, Polish, and German roots, Bridgeport has a reputation for heaping contempt—and sometimes violence—on blacks, Hispanics, and independent Democrats, though all three groups are represented there in relatively small numbers. Racial and ethnic politics dominate this election. Washington, 60 years old, is in his second term representing Chicago's mostly black South Side First District, the oldest and largest black urban community in America. He is a progressive, independent Democrat who broke with the old Daley Machine years ago. Daley, 40, is the holder of a name that in the minds of most Chicagoans is synonymous with Bridgeport. His family has dominated the neighborhood's politics for thirty years.

"The black vote is the wild card," said Don Rose, the veteran political strategist who engineered Byrne's 1979 upset but is sitting out this year's campaign. "The black vote is increasingly liberated in Chicago. If Byrne can hang on to 30 percent of it she will win by a landslide." Washington's people think their man can win with 8 to 14 percent of the white vote, as long as he holds on to 80 percent or more of the black vote. Published polls and those taken by the candidates have Washington running second to Byrne and gaining. Daley was a distant third but starting to move up as the campaign entered its final weeks. And pollsters for all three candidates call the situation "volatile." "This thing is going to be a squeaker," Byrne's campaign manager, William Griffin, told me. "We'd be killing Daley today if we didn't have Harold Washington in the race."

Blacks have registered in record numbers since last summer—more than 100,000 before the November gubernatorial election, another 100,000 last month. At least 40 percent of the 1.6 million people who will be eligible to vote in the primary are black. The registration drive was organized by community leaders backing Washington, and he will clearly be its main beneficiary. Overall this election has generated so much local interest that an estimated 85 percent of the city's voting-age population is registered. Of course this includes, according to the Justice Department, "a substantial number of dead persons"—Chicago's version of the silent majority. The department has launched a massive investigation of fraud, the first ever to coincide with a Chicago election.

BYRNE HAS DONE reasonably well in rounding up blacks to campaign for her. But that is only part of one of the most creative attempts to secure votes in this city's history. Tens of thousands of college students living away from home received applications for absentee ballots, courtesy of the Byrne campaign. "There is no law saying the voter has to request the application for an absentee ballot," a Byrne aide pointed out. Thousands of people who turned in their Extra-Strength Tylenol to police during last autumn's rash of cyanide murders in the Chicago area later received letters from Byrne. Members of her Cabinet resurrected ancient Christmas card lists to send greetings—and election reminders—to people they had been out of touch with for years.

Byrne has raised more than $9.2 million to finance her re-election—the largest sum ever raised by a candidate for municipal office in the history of the world, possibly excepting Caligula's campaign for Emperor of Rome. If it is all used, it would be more than has been spent by candidates for governor in just about every state, and more than has been spent by any candidate for the U.S. Senate. Based on a forty-hour week, *Chicago Sun-Times* columnist Mike Royko calculated, Byrne has raised $1,265 an hour since taking office. By contrast, Daley will spend perhaps $1.5 million and Washington even less; as February began, Washington's cash-starved campaign had just begun to buy a few flickers of TV time and a few whispers of radio. But money is no guarantee of victory. In her upset campaign, Byrne spent only $125,000 to win the Democratic primary.

In addition to her mountain of money, Byrne has become the Calvin Klein of urban politics, slapping her

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brand, at taxpayers' expense, on just about everything the city owns or sponsors. JANE M. BYRNE, MAYOR is on sewer department vehicles, dump trucks, street sweepers, signs announcing public improvements, and banners that hang from streetlight poles. Chicagoans bought their vegetables at "Mayor Byrne's Farmers Markets" last summer, watched fireworks at "Mayor Byrne's Fourth of July" and "Mayor Byrne's Labor Day," ate quiche at "Mayor Byrne's Taste of Chicago," and listened to music at "Mayor Byrne's Chicagofest." Finally, concerned about overkill, Byrne ordered a delay of "Mayor Byrne's Loop Alive" festival, a carnival originally scheduled for the week before the primary.

BYRNE, a 48-year-old former housewife who learned politics from Daley *père* and served in his Cabinet, has her handicaps. Indeed, the closest thing to a real issue in this campaign is Byrne's style of government. In announcing his support for young Daley, Dan Rostenkowski, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and, more important, a Chicago Democratic ward committeeman, said Byrne's policies have turned Chicago into "the ultimate political cartoon." The *Tribune*, in an editorial endorsing Daley, called Mayor Byrne's tenure "Chaosfest." Both Daley and Washington call her administration "unstable" and cite the four police superintendents, four budget directors, and four comptrollers in as many years as examples of disarray at City Hall. And both challengers say Byrne has ignored Chicago's almost eighty distinct neighborhoods—ethnic and racial communities within the city—and has favored downtown developers instead. The lavish salaries paid to some favored city employees (some of the mayor's bodyguards earn more than Secret Service agents assigned to protect the President) have come under fire as well.

Byrne has been keeping her husband, Jay McMullen, a flamboyant ex-newspaper reporter, out of sight. His close relationship with developers and political influence-peddlers is also an issue in the campaign. Byrne has even stopped wearing her wedding ring. That, an aide explained, is because Chicago's "senior citizens" are shaking her hand so firmly that the ring was cutting into her finger. A good explanation—except that Byrne shakes with her right hand and wore her wedding band on her left. Byrne has also been holding her quick temper and sharp tongue, both of which have gotten her into trouble on occasion. Now she is so calm that one political enemy has suggested she is "sedated." Not surprisingly, one of her campaign themes is that she has made mistakes and is sorry.

Washington has his own handicaps to overcome. He once served thirty days of a forty-day federal court jail sentence after pleading no contest to failing to file his federal income tax returns for four years. During the period he did not file, he did pay withholding taxes, so his liability was only about $500. He calls his failure to file a "stupid mistake," but suggests that his prosecution was politically motivated. "Nobody in the history of this country was ever indicted for such a small amount," he insists. He also was suspended from the practice of law in Illinois after several clients complained that he did not perform legal services for which he had accepted fees. Another stupid mistake.

Washington, the son and grandson of Methodist ministers, is a deliberate, forceful orator. He exudes confidence. In Daley's neighborhood he told the audience, "The people of Bridgeport have a right to see their next mayor. We are going to have a long and wonderful relationship." Physically much bigger than either of his opponents, Washington was a high school track star, and still relaxes by practicing his fencing in the Congressional gym. He says he became "disenchanted" with the Chicago Democratic machine "because the people in my community were not getting out of it what they were putting into it. And as an independent I've given them [the machine] three or four lickings they won't forget." Last November he rolled up 97 percent of the vote in his Congressional district. This campaign's four televised debates have helped Washington most, giving him access to homes and neighborhoods where he went unnoticed the first time he ran for mayor, in 1977, when he received only 11 percent of the vote.

Daley's burdens are different. He was elected Cook County State's Attorney in 1980 on a platform that included a promise not to run for mayor. Nobody believed him. After all, when his father was first elected chairman of the Cook County Democratic organization, he promised he would not use the post to run for mayor. Daley *père* broke that promise and ruled Chicago for twenty-one consecutive years before his death late in 1976. As a state senator, the son was once named one of Illinois's ten worst legislators in a poll of reporters and legislators taken by *Chicago* magazine. Young Daley was a conservative, voting for legislation restricting abortion rights and, as chairman of the State Judiciary Committee, often blocking civil liberties legislation. He rarely spoke in the State Senate, largely because he could not speak in complete sentences. But he has begun taking speech lessons, and in the debates the city discovered to its surprise that he has learned to put subject and predicate together, sometimes rather forcefully.

Waiting in the wings as the Democrats bloody each other is former Illinois State Representative Bernard Epton, the Republican candidate for mayor in the April general election. For half a century, the Democratic nomination has been tantamount to election. But a primary victory by Washington in a city that has a long history of racism could provide the Republicans with their best chance in decades to grab the power and the glory for themselves.

LARRY GREEN

Larry Green is Midwest bureau chief of the *Los Angeles Times*.

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Two magazines, but still one idea.

NEWSWEEK'S TESTING TIME

BY EDWIN DIAMOND

New York

NEWSWEEK MADE quite a fuss over itself last week, on the occasion of its fiftieth birthday. There was an enormous, and enormously expensive, black-tie dinner for twenty-five hundred members of the establishment elite. There was a less enormous, less expensive dinner for nine hundred more or less festive employees (no spouses, please). There was even an overlong theatrical production, videotaped for later advertising sales promotion. But it was basically a family gathering, and, like all family gatherings, it set stomach nerves atwitter. Who should be invited? Who should sit where? And, above all, what about the uninvited guest who is apt to spoil any *Newsweek* celebration—*Time*?

There is indeed nervousness at *Newsweek* these days, and it has to do with more than just party arrangements. *Time* is more complacent, but it too has a slight case of the jitters. The future of newsmagazines in general looks less solid than their past. And for a variety of reasons—among which corporate pride is probably more important than financial necessity—*Newsweek* is poised for a major change in its editorial approach. Never has *Time* seemed more committed to perfecting the traditional newsmagazine format; never has *Newsweek* seemed more committed to breaking out of it.

After years of affluence, the newsmagazines are feeling the pinch of hard times. Their parent companies, the Washington Post Company and Time Incorporated, have recently gone through major publishing failures, the Post Company losing some $22 million on its well-edited but ill-conceived *Inside Sports* magazine, Time Inc. bleeding even more over *The Washington Star*. With the chill of magazine mortality palpable in the air, Katharine Graham, the Post's proprietor, has decreed changes at *Newsweek*: new management on the business side (those responsible for *Inside Sports* are gone) and a new editor-in-chief, William Broyles Jr., an unknown quantity from the outside. Broyles's appointment, in the words of one of his predecessors, was "a big roll of the dice"; and Broyles appears ready to take some gambles of his own. Though he has kept his public profile low during his first months on the job, his presence is already being felt on the premises, where he has let it be known that his *Newsweek* will be more "adventurous," that it will favor writing by individual writers over group journalism, that it will break the lockstep with *Time*—in short, that it will be different.

What Broyles is struggling with is the basic *Newsweek* problem: that when all is said and done, *Newsweek* is an imitation of *Time*. For half a century the two magazines have shared one idea, the original Henry Luce-Briton Hadden insight that millions could be made by sitting busy people down once a week and having them read what had been rewritten for them about what happened the week before. That idea, dating from *Time*'s birth in 1923, has of course been modified and improved upon since. Both magazines now offer more analysis, more interpretation, longer pieces (Luce kept things short, so that a commuter could finish the magazine on the forty-minute train ride from Glen Cove to Penn Station), and more original reporting. Through the years, the two shared not only the idea and its evolution, but also the same big advertisers—ad agencies liked the safety of a "joint buy"—and, to a certain extent, the same readers. *Time* (circulation 4.3 million) and *Newsweek* (3 million) claim a combined readership of some 40 million, of which about 10 million is overlap. The question now is whether both magazines can negotiate the stretch ahead. If hard times persist, clients may tell their ad agencies to buy one news weekly schedule rather than two. Readers may tire of plunking down $1.50 a week (75 cents at the subscription rate) for a news weekly when they can bliss out on *Sports Illustrated*, *Playboy*, or *Gourmet*, magazines of a kind that didn't exist fifty years ago. Moreover, that commuter is reading a morning paper and watching television shows that offer many of the rubrics first developed by the newsmagazines.

Time and *Newsweek* also shared the habit of putting a political spin on their syntheses of the news. For much of its lifetime, *Time* has been Wall Street Republican, and *Newsweek*, from its birth, defined its politics in relation to *Time*'s. *Time*'s Republicanism, in fact, led Vincent Astor and Averell Harriman to put up the money for *News-Week* (the typography then) in order to support their friend, the newly elected Franklin D. Roosevelt.

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When the New Deal proved too rich for Astor's blue blood (Harriman was a silent partner, with an investment of only 13 percent), *Newsweek* took up a position to the right of *Time*. *Newsweek* stuck to *Time*'s way of organizing the news, from cover story to back-of-the-book, but in a pallid, conservative style. (If *Time*'s prototypical reader was that upscale commuter from Glen Cove, *Newsweek*'s was a pharmacist from Akron.) *Time* admired Dewey and liked Ike, and Luce's dream of an American Century found expression in the foreign policies of his good friend John Foster Dulles. In the 1950s, what *Time* said about Taft or MacArthur mattered; what *Newsweek* said did not. *Newsweek* found its heroes in the ranks of American business leaders, and courted auto advertisers with its annual New Cars issue. Luce journalism paid well and attracted writers like James Agee and Theodore H. White. *Newsweek*'s salaries were only slightly less penurious than those paid by the newspapers.

ALL THIS CHANGED in the 1960s with the purchase of *Newsweek* from the estate of Vincent Astor by Philip Graham, the brilliant, mercurial publisher of *The Washington Post*. Graham, cutting perhaps the best deal since the Dutch got Manhattan, paid some $15 million for *Newsweek*. Because the deal included a radio station, promptly sold, and cash flow from ads already sold, the real purchase price was closer to $10 million—a sum the mature *Newsweek* has doubled and trebled yearly in its net earnings.

Political timing was also in Graham's favor. John F. Kennedy had just taken office; Graham, widely credited with getting Lyndon Johnson on the Democratic ticket, would be a powerful voice on the New Frontier with the *Post* in Washington and *Newsweek* nationally. (Several editors on the magazine, in fact, were sure that Graham would sell *Newsweek* to Kennedy in 1968; after two terms, the 51-year-old former President would be in need of a new career.) With the White House connection and the *Post*'s money, *Newsweek* was ready to take off. Editorial budgets went up 50 percent, new talent was hired, foreign bureaus were opened.

The 1960s was *Newsweek*'s decade. That judgment is no doubt colored by my own involvement with the magazine in those years, but it is nevertheless one that most people at both magazines would agree with. While *Time* remained frozen in Republican Establishment politics and formulaic Luce journalism, *Newsweek* made all sorts of innovations under the collegial editorship of Osborn Elliott, Kermit Lansner, and Gordon Manning—who, along with their senior editor colleagues, became known as the Flying Wallendas.

Newsweek gave serious coverage to black America, a previously unexplored land for the big magazines. It celebrated the characteristic manifestations of the '60s, both hip and square: the counterculture in the arts and on campus, and the high tech of the space program. *Newsweek*'s version of the revolution was the granting of bylines to individual writers and critics. This was an immense change for a brand of journalism in which anonymity was thought to confer authority, and it shifted power a bit from editors to reporters and writers. During the Vietnam War, the New York headquarters of both *Time* and *Newsweek* received realistic reports about the progress of the struggle from correspondents in the field, but *Time* backed the war far longer than *Newsweek*, which, with both Kennedy and Graham tragically dead, took up the theme of a war tearing the nation apart. *Newsweek* was more in step with the times than its rival, and it showed not only in awards and in circulation gains, but also in that mystical Madison Avenue quality, the reputation of being "the hot book."

IT WAS *Time*'s turn again in the 1970s. Luce died in 1967, and his magazine empire, that pillar of the East, eventually passed into the corporate orbit of Temple Industries, a Texas-based building materials company. (The Temple family owns 15 percent of Time Inc., Henry Luce III, the founder's heir, around 7 percent.) *Time* awoke from its long editorial sleep and began rehabilitating its pages. Many *Newsweek* innovations, including signed pieces, were borrowed by *Time*—a startling role reversal. A new editor, Ray Cave, was brought in from *Sports Illustrated*. Intelligent, cool, nonideological, he is a technical virtuoso. The editor-in-chief, Henry Anatole Grunwald, Viennese-born and a Henry Kissinger friend and look-alike, sought to use *Time* to reverse what he saw as the Spenglerian decline of the West. (Grunwald was the architect of Time Inc.'s pretentious "Reindustrialization of America" push when Reagan came into office.) But it was Cave who made the trains run on time.

At *Newsweek*, meanwhile, the mid- and late 1970s were uncertain times. The magazine, by the testimony of dozens of staffers, seemed to dither, to be unsure of its direction. It could hardly claim to be well connected (nor, in the Nixon years, did it want to be). Vice presidential titles on the business side proliferated, and so did confusion. Turnover was brisk. "Five new top editors brought in in ten years, even more changes on the business side," a *Newsweek* executive told me recently, "not a very good time."

Although the number of consumer magazines jumped from about 300 to about 420 between 1970 and 1982, and total magazine circulation went up by 18 percent, the circulation of both *Time* and *Newsweek* remained essentially stagnant. But both magazines have learned to live with this situation, partly because of the increased paper and mailing costs, partly because of the examples of *Life* and other mass magazines.

Twenty years ago, the accepted formula for publishing success held that advertising revenues were all that mattered; it was unimportant how circulation was acquired—"the great giveaway era of magazines," recalls Mark Edminston, now *Newsweek*'s president, then with *Life*, which, before it folded as a weekly in 1972, was

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selling at around 15 cents a copy by subscription while costing 20 cents per copy to produce.

The news weeklies were careening down the same fatal road. Nixon and inflation—everyone else's enemies—reversed the momentum. In April 1973, the per-copy price of a trial subscription to *Time* or *Newsweek* was 16 cents. By the fall, when the Senate Watergate hearings had run their course, *Newsweek* and *Time* trial subscription prices had reached 20 cents. A year later, when the House Judiciary Committee began debating articles of impeachment, the trial-subscription price hit 30 cents and the newsstand price 60 cents. The newsmagazines kept selling strongly week after week with each fresh Watergate revelation. By the end of the Nixon resignation year of 1974, the prices had reached about 35 cents to subscribers and 75 cents on the newsstand, without driving anyone away. Circulation had become a source of revenue rather than a drain on it, and in 1975, despite a 17 percent drop in advertising pages, *Newsweek* made more money than in any previous year in its history—$11.9 million, on revenues of $128.5 million. *Time*, too, earned well over $10 million, on revenues of $157 million.

AS WE APPROACH the mid-1980s, the outlook is mixed for *Time* and *Newsweek*. The cost of paper has leveled a bit, as have postal rate rises. (The magazine business is not without friends in Congress.) Circulation has held steady, but advertising pages were down for both magazines last year—for *Newsweek*, 2,861 pages in 1982 versus 3,129 in 1981; for *Time*, 2,629 versus 2,907. (*Time*, with its larger circulation, charges almost 50 percent more per page.) The trend of ad revenues appears to be down for both magazines, though the figures are hardly conclusive.

It seems clear that some of *Time*'s "hot book" momentum has carried into the '80s. Six years ago, Grunwald and Cave asked an outsider, Walter Bernard, to redesign *Time*. Bernard, who had worked with Clay Felker and Milton Glaser at *New York* magazine and who has since redesigned *The Atlantic* and *Fortune*, gave *Time* a strong, elegant, new look. (In the mid-1970s, *Newsweek* also brought in an outside designer —Milton Glaser, as it happened—but then ignored his redesign.)

Time's direction is set and solid. Ray Cave has taken it back to a sharper, more intelligent version of the original Luce-Hadden model. The magazine makes room for the individual voices of its best writers—the essays of Roger Rosenblatt are an example—but the emphasis is on hard news, told in a compact style. There are more stories, and they tend to be shorter. Politically, *Time* is less partisan and more modest than it used to be. In the 1940s and 1950s, it had helped create the candidacies of Wendell Willkie, Thomas E. Dewey, and Dwight Eisenhower; but its last concerted attempt to boost a particular candidate, William Scranton in 1964, fell flat. The Temple family, by and large, has stayed out of editorial matters. Their influence was said to have been behind the decision to kick off *Time*'s coverage of the 1980 election by putting John Connally on the cover, but the story inside the magazine ended up containing a good deal of damaging information on the putative candidate.

At *Newsweek*, the only certainty is that there will be change. William Broyles apparently has been granted more freedom than any of his recent predecessors, and he is inclined to use it. Katharine Graham made a similarly daring appointment once before—at *The Washington Post* in the mid-1960s, when she reached outside the inbred *Post* to make Benjamin Bradlee, then Washington bureau chief of *Newsweek*, a top editor of the paper. Plainly, Mrs. Graham hopes that Broyles will revitalize *Newsweek* the way Bradlee revitalized the *Post*.

BROYLES is relatively young (37), and, except for a brief stint at *The Economist*, wholly inexperienced in newsmagazine journalism. Most of his career has been spent at *Texas Monthly*, which he largely created and which combines the brash liveliness of *New York* magazine with the writer-pampering and painstaking editing and fact-checking of *The New Yorker*. Broyles is not only an outsider but a Westerner to boot, and in his first months at *Newsweek* the magazine has moved in spirit away from Washington and New York. Broyles's *Newsweek* has its eye on American society more than on American politics. *Newsweek* has turned its attention to social trends presumably on the minds of educated, affluent young adults so prized by advertisers, with cover stories on infertility, the children of divorce, and the Social Security system with the art showing the old on the backs of the young.

Politically, Broyles, who was a Marine combat officer in Vietnam, is a centrist, but he seems willing to make *Newsweek* an agenda-setter and an advocate of particular programs and policies. In the space of a few weeks last fall, one *Newsweek* cover story called for a major effort to combat unemployment, and another advocated specific cuts in the defense budget—both unusual departures in newsmagazine journalism. *Newsweek*'s cover story, in any given week, is less and less likely to be identical to *Time*'s. But Broyles has yet to install his own recruits as writers and editors, and his vision of what he hopes *Newsweek* will become is not yet clear. The risks of tampering with what has been, to date, a highly successful and profitable format are obvious. If Broyles moves *Newsweek* away from the mass media news weekly formula toward a more writerly *New York* or *New Yorker* style, he could risk moving toward their smaller circulation as well. But Broyles was not hired to be a caretaker. He has that rare opportunity, a mandate to take an important institution in American life in hand and not only to change it at the margins but also, if he chooses, to reinvent it. What he will make of that opportunity not even *Time* can tell.

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After ten years, the schools are more segregated than ever.

BOSTON'S BUSING DISASTER

BY GEORGE V. HIGGINS

Boston

LATE LAST JUNE, W. Arthur Garrity of the Boston federal court announced, with undisguised exasperation, that by August he would end his supervision of the city's public education system. The announcement was made in one of the hundreds of hearings he has held during a decade of litigation over de facto segregation of Boston's public schools. But as any observer of Boston's racial politics could have predicted, Judge Garrity was still grappling with the cases when the bells of Christmas chimed. In January, as School Superintendent Robert R. Spillane exchanged strained New Year's greetings with Commissioner John Lawson of the State Board of Education, Garrity's hand-picked replacement to monitor the city's success in delivering racially balanced public education, there was reason to believe that the judge might soon find cause to resume his oversight. The Boston school desegregation cases are the city's equivalent of chronic dermatitis, a recurring skin problem that has stubbornly resisted every effort to cure it, and has left the patient flayed and raw from his own frantic scratching.

It is commonly assumed that the city first contracted the ailment in 1972, when a group of black parents finally lost patience with the Boston School Committee's empty promises, and turned angrily to Judge Garrity for protection of their rights. Another harrowing example, in other words, of what happens to previously tranquil communities disrupted by strident individuals finding all-too-eager listeners garbed in the black robes of the federal courts.

It isn't so. The bag of cats thrust before Judge Garrity was the work of the Massachusetts legislature and its governor, Endicott Peabody (whose mother had been busted down in Selma, Alabama, while participating in a march for civil rights). On August 18, 1965, a statute was enacted that prohibited racial imbalances in public schools and mandated their elimination where they then existed: Section 37C of Chapter 71 of the General Laws of Massachusetts. This honored the traditions of the Commonwealth, settled by people whose immoderate belief in the perfectability of man overcame prudential arguments warning that they faced at best privation and at worst ignoble death in the Bay Colony. In Massachusetts we believe the law to be self-executing. When a sufficient number of citizens object to some behavior or condition, we attempt to comfort them with legislation.

We generally do this without first ascertaining whether the proposed law can be expected to improve the horrid condition. That is why Judge Garrity, invited by the black parents to inspect irrefutable evidence that the schools of Boston were in fact segregated by race, unable to disagree that the Boston School Committee not only had accepted this situation but had also tacitly exacerbated it, and confronted by the statute declaring it to be the "policy of the Commonwealth" to put a stop to such imbalances, had no choice other than to rule that the parents and their children had been deprived of the equal protection of the laws of Massachusetts. That sort of thing is forbidden by the U.S. Constitution, and federal judges have a sworn duty to put a stop to it.

Easier said than done. Judge Garrity faced the unenviable task of disciplining a community with a tradition of stubborn resistance to interference in its political affairs. The Boston school cases, however much they appeared to outlanders as controversies of racial justice, were in Boston essentially political matters.

Judge Garrity is not a politician now and he was not a politician back in 1972. He had been, to be sure, a man who had valid political credentials as a commander on the battalion level in John F. Kennedy's Midwestern campaigns, but he had let those lapse when he was appointed U.S. Attorney in 1961. In the six years preceding his consideration of the school cases, he had shown a marked determination to become the quintessential trial judge, meticulous in preparation, thoughtful in demeanor, resolutely civil toward everyone who came before him, and to courthouse buffs a tremendous disappointment (he enforced the standards of propriety upon even the most obstinately colorful litigators). It is probably not true that Judge Garrity works a half a day on Christmas, but those who scoff at the notion do not do so with full confidence—he is the sort of judge who might. The man is smart, diligently avoiding even the most inconsequential of injustices, and, if anything, too

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BUS RETURNS TO COLUMBIA POINT IN DORCHESTER. 'BOSTON GLOBE' PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD C. PRESTON, 1974.

patient in his dealings with those unwilling or unable to understand his wishes. Calm overhangs his session like a soft blanket, and genteel good humor survives even those unpleasant moments when defendants are carted off to jail.

But none of the factors that tended to lubricate the other cases that came before Judge Garrity was to be found in the Boston school cases. The parties involved had neither his chivalric polish nor the inclination to acquire it. The black parents had achieved recognition precisely because their rude indignation made them willing to go out front. The egregious School Committee, chaired at the beginning of the school cases by James Hennigan, a feckless Boston lawyer with dreams of higher office, consisted of five white politicians whose ambitions had little to do with improving the state of the schools. None of the parties actually faced time behind bars, despite occasional talk of contempt citations. None of them was constrained to contemplate the possibility that he might have to pay some money in court-ordered damages, if he should be found at fault, and none had the specter of enormous legal fees to exorcise before he conjured up another tactic to delay or thwart a temporary order.

Those cases in fact displayed characteristics that the judge appears to have grasped imperfectly at first, if indeed he understood them at all. (He has quite rightly maintained a policy of refusing to discuss the issues out of court, so it's impossible to say what his views were then, or what they are today.) All of the parties were playing to public galleries outside the court when they stood up before the bench to make their arguments.

The blacks were struggling for the dignity of recognition for all whose skins were not pink, from a political establishment that had consistently denied them such respect and had done so with impunity. There was no practical inducement for a white politician to curry favor with black voters; they were residentially segregated in Roxbury, Dorchester, and Mattapan, and had failed to register to vote in numbers adequate to influence city-wide elections. The school cases were perceived in the black community in 1972 as the means by which blacks might force white officeholders to heed their wishes in all aspects of city government as well as in educational matters. This put a lot of pressure on the blacks who initiated the litigation; they were performing under the fierce, unyielding, and skeptical scrutiny of other blacks whose expectations of success were limited. They knew this and kept it in mind when they were blandished to conciliate the issues.

The white parties involved if anything exaggerated the potential the school cases implied for actually integrating blacks into Boston's general political system. They elevated the neighborhood school concept to an object of veneration arguably worthy of inclusion in the Apostles' Creed. But what they had in mind when they nostalgically recalled the days of sunshine-cheered parades of eager scholars trudging off to Learning was jobs. In Boston that is what politics always involves: jobs. There were thousands of jobs in the Boston public schools. Those jobs, and the patronage power to dispense them, were the lures that had led politicians to vie bitterly for election to nonsalaried School Committee seats; success could mean an opportunity to assemble a political machine for more glamorous employments in the future. John J. Kerrigan, for example, one of Hennigan's successors as chairman of the School

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Committee, clearly thought himself destined for the office of mayor, and believed that his progress would be fueled by the casual and public use of the word "nigger." Kerrigan, who did advance to the City Council before his excesses at last alienated even those who might well have preferred to have supported him, gave every evidence that in his heart of hearts he really didn't hate blacks; worse than an honest bigot, he roused the rabble because he thought he could promote himself with his racial baitings. The Boston politicians, such as Louise Day Hicks, who managed to parlay their celebrated opposition to integration into higher posts (she served briefly in Congress), clamored loudly about the quality of education, but what really worried them was the prospect of yielding powers of appointment. Garrity emerged as a natural threat to the monopoly of those powers.

JUDGE GARRITY thus found himself facing the impossible task of mediating a compromise between black plaintiffs seeking the unconditional surrender of their opponents and white defendants determined to yield nothing. At first he gravely sought their acquiescence to a plan drawn up by the state. This provoked nothing more than unproductive wrangling. At length he was persuaded that he must do everything himself, a discovery he still found disagreeable more than ten years later, as he labored to extricate himself from the administration of the Boston public schools. He seized upon an existing geographical breakdown of the city's neighborhoods that had been devised by the police department for the assignment of its peacekeeping forces. Each area of interest to the police carried a number which, when applied by Judge Garrity to public school enrollments, became known as a "geocode."

That choice was very possibly the worst he could have made. It appears not to have occurred to him, or to anybody in a position to influence his thinking, that the police develop their maps for purposes quite different from those that educators ought to have in mind. Police discriminate between abutting enclaves according to the apparent appetites of their inhabitants for starting trouble. The more fractious neighborhoods are usually ethnically homogeneous. Such homogeneity by no means tends to reduce the truculence of the children who inhabit these neighborhoods, especially that irrational hatred that they often harbor toward children of other races. It tends instead to aggravate the animosity, hardly a promising foundation for a project intended to bring about the harmony of races.

The plan brought open warfare among those who had not already fled. Judge Garrity's first major intervention in the operation of the schools justified the worst fears of those who shrank from the idea of busing students to accomplish desegregation. It used those buses to transfer the toughest white kids and the toughest black kids into each others' neighborhoods, turf, and schools. Police escorts, convoying school buses for appalling distances (at least to those paramilitary officers whose duty was to defend them against hostiles armed with rocks and fire bombs) became a common sight in Boston. Metal detectors were installed at the entrances of South Boston High School and the high school in Hyde Park, in the forlorn hope that hand-to-hand combat would be waged without resort to knives and guns. Older heads did not prove wiser; apparently gratified by the aptitude their children had displayed for the articulation of race hatred by means of physical violence, parents and other neighborhood residents of supposedly mature years enthusiastically participated in the fun, loudly encouraging those who fought in the front lines. By any reasonable standard, the early years of busing furnished to the student passengers an educational experience of value only to those among them aspiring to careers in urban guerrilla warfare. Presumably this was not what the proponents and the draftsmen of Sec. 37C of Chapter 71 had had in mind.

Then again, it is quite possible that the majority of those falling under the governance of that law had not consented to its passage, and in fact did not know a blessed thing about it. There is a strong suspicion that the people whose children were yanked from their neighborhoods and carted all around the city to be jeered and threatened either as honkies or niggers had not paid a great deal of attention to the activities of the General Court in the summer of '65. The kind of sophistication required to follow, analyze, and influence the legislative process is generally the avocationally acquired expertise of the educated and comparatively pacific middle and upper classes. These are the sorts of people who believe it incumbent upon them, and thus upon their elected state representatives, to see to it that Massachusetts is officially recorded as opposed to the sale of tonic (elsewhere: soda) in throwaway containers and the proliferation of nuclear weapons. They are the people who supported George McGovern for the Presidency. Most of them don't live in Boston. Those who do, or did in 1965, enrolled few children of their own in the Boston public schools. The hostages they offered up in earnest of their tolerance were not their own.

BOSTON PER SE is not a large city at all, but a medium-sized one hemmed in by suburbs of considerable size. Those suburbs teem with people contentedly unconcerned about the condition of Boston's schools because their offspring don't attend them. In 1972 Boston's 641,071 residents furnished to the city's schools a total of 139,615 pupils: according to the Boston public schools, the enrollment figure was 95,615; the Archdiocese of Boston estimates that the enrollment in Catholic parochial schools was 44,000. A caveat is needed, however, for the public school figure. Those enrollment totals have been inflated by administrators ever since it dawned upon some enterprising School Committee member that the number of jobs in teaching, maintenance, cafeteria, and administration available for

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dispensing varied in direct proportion to the number of youngsters supposedly thirsting for knowledge. For years a child enrolled at the beginning of the year in one school might transfer during that year to one or even three or four other schools, or drop out of the system entirely, and still be counted on the tallies of each institution through which he or she had passed.

When the federal government counted up Bostonians again in 1980, there were 562,994 of them. The city says 59,621 signed up for public education, and the Archdiocese believes that they furnished a crop of 22,300, more or less, last year to Catholic institutions within city limits. There has obviously been something more at work here than the fashionable trend over the past decade toward smaller families. The city's population declined by slightly less than 9 percent, but the total school enrollment dropped by about 43 percent. These figures, fragile though they may be, suggest that Judge Garrity's precipitate busing order initially acted primarily upon those families who could not afford to send their children to any kind of private school. Those who were comparatively well off had been exempted from its impact. They had either chosen parochial education for their children (receiving as an unexpected temporal reward for their religious fidelity a reprieve from profane torments brought down on everybody else), packed them off to private schools in the country, or moved the whole family to the more sedate suburbs.

This was nice for them, but it was almost certainly bad for the city. The parents without stake in the dispute were the least likely to participate with relish in the making of civil disorders, and most likely to raise their voices in disapproval of riots in the streets. But however troubled they might be by the behavior of those who do not necessarily pride themselves on being respectable and law-abiding citizens, they could not in fact speak out. Their exemption muted them.

THIS FACT was overlooked when the travails of Boston, to the dismay of legal minds reflexively inclined to trust in precedent, failed to subside, as those in Southern cities had been seen to do. When federal judges sitting in the South issued ukases forcing busing to desegregate schools, the orders walloped the entire community of parents with children of school age. There were some private schools below the Mason-Dixon Line, of course, but there was no comparable private educational system in place when the cataclysm struck the public system. One need not believe that white Southerners of the comfortable middle class wholeheartedly embraced desegregation in order to recognize that their personal stake in the swift and peaceable completion of the change contributed significantly to the restoration of good order. Their opposite numbers up in Boston certainly did not, and probably could not, manage a similar contribution.

Judge Garrity thus addressed chiefly those sectors of the white populace whose economic class had furnished them with resentment of precisely that college-educated (in his case, Holy Cross), professional (Harvard Law), and suburban (Wellesley) milieu of which he was a part. To the Irish of South Boston, Arthur Garrity was a renegade, one of their own who had turned on them, a classification that is several notches lower than that long occupied by the traditional folk enemies of the Boston Irish. He became an effigy for the attacks of Boston's white demagogues, who could blame him for everything that went wrong in the schools, even though there had been a great deal wrong before he ever interfered with them. At the same time, blacks with their own axes to sharpen could denounce Garrity for going slowly when their constituencies griped about the lousy education that their kids were getting. The School Committee, which in 1981 honored a long tradition of financial profligacy by finishing $40 million in the hole, reported with saurian tears in their eyes that the deficit happened to be almost precisely the amount it had been forced to spend for busing ordered by Judge Garrity.

NONE OF THIS argle-bargle made the schools the least bit more appealing to parents of white children. The public school population dropped by 36,000 in the decade the judge spent managing the schools, but white enrollment declined from 56,893 in 1972 to 18,013 last year. Blacks, too, departed when they could, from 31,634 to 28,547. Only Hispanics (nearly doubling, from 5,135 to 9,032) and Asians (1,857 to 3,767) showed significant increases in the numbers sent to the Boston public schools. After ten years of anguish, in other words, the Boston schools are more racially segregated today than they were when the entire performace started. And, despite bragging last year of improvements in average S.A.T. scores, which showed verbal proficiency climbing toward 470 out of a possible 800, the schools are still doing one rotten job of educating those kids sent to them. Not significantly worse than the job being done in other cities, perhaps, but still a rotten job.

Last February Larry Johnson of the black parents coalition added his voice to the chorus that ten years ago was led by those whites most scorned by all right-thinking folk. He said the black parents would appreciate it if the federal court cleared out of the education system and let the parents choose the schools their children would attend. He repudiated, in effect, that sanctimonious statute passed in 1965 imposing on all Massachusetts school committees the obligation to "adopt as educational objectives the promotion of racial balance and the correction of existing racial imbalances in the public schools." And quite reasonably, too, one might think, for the only thing that has been learned, or should have been, from some eighteen years' experience with this "policy of the Commonwealth," is that no kid ever learned much from a shibboleth, even if it is the law.

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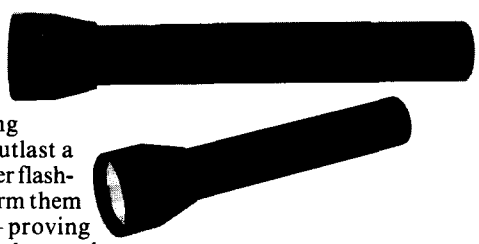
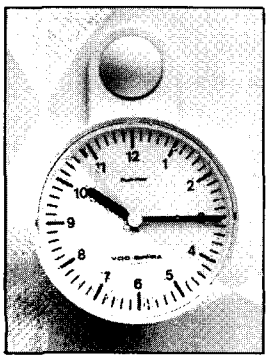
Flashlights Are Forever



This is a flashlight you can run over with a truck, then pick up and use as if nothing happened. It will outlast a whole parade of lesser flashlights and outperform them all along the way — proving again the old adage that quality is cheaper in the long run. This Kel-Lite is quite probably the last flashlight you will ever need to buy. Its beam is adjustable, from narrow to wide angle with just a twist of the wrist. The 3-way switch (on, off, signal) is sealed and flush-mounted on the barrel so it is snag free. The body is aircraft grade anodized aluminum, fully weatherproof, the barrel knurled for a sure grip. A spare bulb comes stored in the tail cap. It is nothing less than the most rugged flashlight on the market, the favorite of thousands of police officers, truckers and sportsmen. As proof of the pudding, it comes with a lifetime warranty (5 years on the switch, 1 on the reflector). We are pleased to offer this 13″ Kel-Lite flashlight in black (takes 3 D batteries not included) at **$30.00** ($3.95) #A651. An equally rugged but more spartan model (without adjustable beam and with a conventional slide off/on switch, 8¼″ long and taking 3 C batteries (not included) costs only **$23.00** ($2.95) #A652. For home or car, you couldn't have a better friend in the dark — or one that will stick by you longer.

Rush Hour Clock



Rush hour is not on your way to the office. It comes earlier, at home, when everyone is trying to use the bathroom and get out of the house on schedule. The best way to keep the family traffic moving is with this unique clock specifically designed for the bathroom. Temperature fluctuations do not affect it. A special vent system keeps the inner face free of condensation. It is made of plastic, stainless steel and galvanized parts to protect against rust and corrosion. It mounts on tile, wallpaper or other surfaces without screws. Because it is splash resistant, you can even hang it right in the shower (at our house people take shorter showers with a clock there — a welcome help to the hot water bill). The Rush Hour clock has a quartz movement, a sweep second hand, and runs on a single AA battery (not included). The clock face is 4″ in diameter, handsomely styled by VDO, the German auto instrumentation company. The clock is available in white for **$40.00** ($3.95) #A637 and comes with a 1-year warranty. It is the only hope for making rush hour less rushed.

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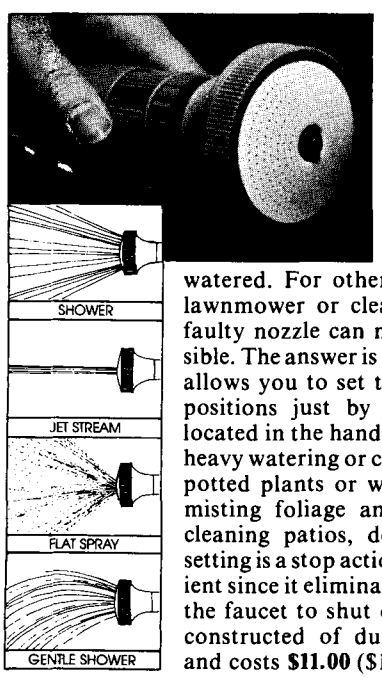
If we ever compile a book on *The Old Ways That Were Better Ways,* we will certainly include a chapter on the lambswool duster. This remarkable implement originated, the best we can tell, in 19th-century England where it quickly put the feather-duster to shame. On its own it actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting bric-a-brac, china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. When soiled, just wash it in warm soapy water. We are happy to offer a 20″ long authentic lambswool duster for **$8.00** ($1.95) #A163 or we can send you two dusters for **$15.00** ($2.95) #A1632.



Flow Control Hose Nozzle

The biggest problem with most hose nozzles is getting and maintaining the desired water flow. Too much water pressure can damage plants, too little and your plants aren't adequately watered. For other jobs, like washing the car, lawnmower or cleaning your house gutters, a faulty nozzle can make the task all but impossible. The answer is Nozzle Five. This hose nozzle allows you to set the water flow to any of five positions just by turning the slider controls located in the handle. Use the shower setting for heavy watering or car washing, gentle shower for potted plants or window boxes, flat spray for misting foliage and the jet stream for force cleaning patios, decks and gutters. The fifth setting is a stop action which is especially convenient since it eliminates running back and forth to the faucet to shut off the water. Nozzle Five is constructed of durable, non-corrosive plastic and costs **$11.00** ($1.95) #A481.

One Incredible Cleaner

Simple Green is so varied that it replaces about $85 worth of specialized cleaners. Simple Green is an oven cleaner. Bathroom cleaner. Window cleaner. Floor cleaner. Stain remover. Laundry pre-soak. Upholstery cleaner. Rug cleaner. Leather and vinyl cleaner. Chrome cleaner. Road tar remover. Paintbrush cleaner. Engine cleaner. Simple Green is non-abrasive, non-caustic, low-phosphate and biodegradable. It has no bleach, ammonia or petroleum. It is approved by U.S.D.A. It was originally invented to remove stains from coffeeroasting equipment. Simple Green worked so well it was soon being used generally in the restaurant industry. Then in car washes. Then hospitals and airlines. Someone discovered it was ideal for degreasing offshore drilling equipment. Now this industrial-strength all-purpose liquid cleaner is about to come on the consumer market and we are pleased to be one of the first to offer it nationally. Technically, Simple Green is a blend of synthetic penetrants that emulsify and suspend oil for cold-water rinse. It can be used on anything you use cold water on. No scrubbing required. We can send two 16 oz. spray bottles of Simple Green for **$9.00** ($2.95) #A698.

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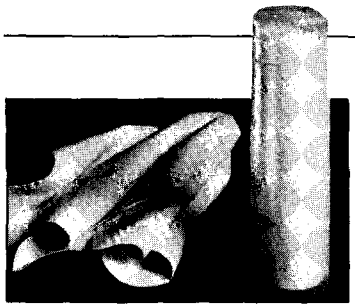
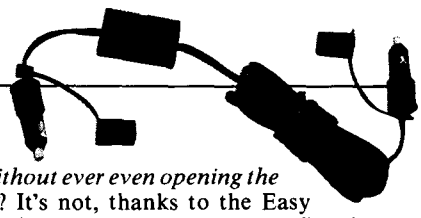
Supercloth



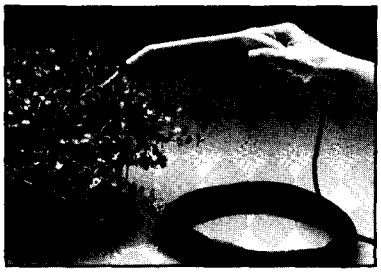
This cloth is so versatile that you can wash dishes with it, then turn around and dry them all too. It is made of a synthetic material with microporous open cell structure that sucks up water fast and squeezes out in a breeze. For almost all around-the-house mopping up or drying jobs it will outperform cloth towels, paper towels or sponges. It has the same warm color and the supersoft feel of real hide chamois but picks up water three times as fast. It is great for spills plus it's abrasion resistant and hard to rip or stretch. It stands up to most solvents and cleaning agents, including grease, gasoline, ammonia, and bleach. It's 17" x 27" and costs **$13.00** ($1.95) #A520.

Beyond Jumper Cables



Your car battery is dead. How would you like to recharge the battery and start the car *without ever even opening the hood?* Sound impossible? It's not, thanks to the Easy Charge, which takes the old idea of jumper cables and refines it to a new level of ease, convenience and safety. With traditional jumper cables you have to maneuver a second car fender-to-fender with the disabled car, open both hoods, and attach leads from battery to battery. The Easy Charge simplifies this process brilliantly by substituting connection from cigarette lighter to cigarette lighter. You just plug one end of the Easy Charge into the lighter of a running car, pass the 16' cord through both car windows and insert the other end in the lighter of the disabled car. A trickle charge immediately starts flowing into the dead battery. After a few minutes' wait the battery is recharged sufficiently to restart the car. The Easy Charge comes in a handy plastic storage envelope, is small enough to fit in the glove compartment and costs just **$20.00** ($2.95) #A629.

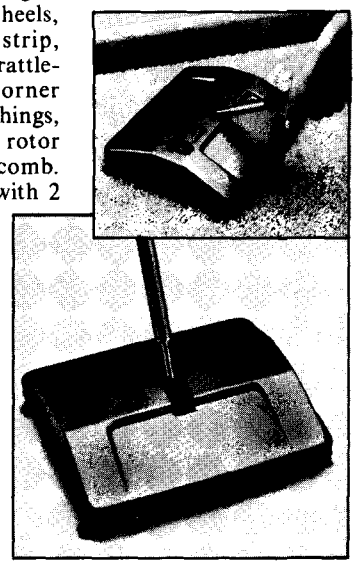
Watering Whiz



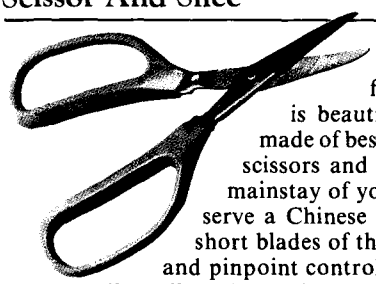
Do your houseplants run you ragged, back and forth, trip after trip, watering can in hand? There is an easier way: with an indoor garden hose you can water them all in a single trip. This 50' vinyl hose comes complete with a set of four adaptors that readily attach to most indoor and outdoor faucets. From there you just take the water where you want it, an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of water on and off as needed. This indoor hose comes with a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage and wash away the dust accumulation that impairs a plant's health as well as its beauty. The indoor garden hose kit costs just **$11.00** ($1.95) #A681. It will make your watering almost as simple as turning on the faucet.

A Clean Sweep

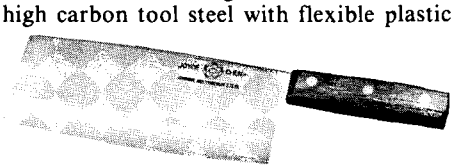
Vacuums are great when you are cleaning the whole house, but for those quick little daily clean-ups almost everyone can benefit from the new compact carpet sweepers. The Appel sweeper is the first of an improved second-generation of these convenience cleaner-uppers: it has larger wheels, all-around rubber bumper strip, cushioned dust pan covers for rattle-free operation, horsehair corner brushes for cleaning tight up to things, and a replaceable boar-bristle rotor brush with its own cleaning comb. Most helpful of all, it comes with 2 handles, standard length for stand-up operation and a new 7" handle for cleaning in confined spaces, on the stairs or in the back of the station wagon. The Appel sweeper works on bare floors as well as carpets. Its all-metal construction assures long life. The sweeper unit measures 7½" x 9" and weighs under 2 lbs. The Appel sweeper (made by the Bissell company), comes with a 5-year warranty and costs **$31.00** ($3.95) #631.



Scissor And Slice



Joyce Chen has built an outstanding reputation for Chinese kitchenware that is beautifully designed and expertly made of best quality materials. The Chen scissors and knife will quickly become a mainstay of your kitchen even if you never serve a Chinese dish. The large handles and short blades of the scissors give great leverage and pinpoint control, fit right or lefthanded persons equally well, and are plenty strong enough to cut through small bones, shells and the like. The Chinese knife (often mistakenly called a cleaver) is a marvelously well-balanced implement whose weight does most of the work for you, whether chopping, slicing, shredding, mincing, crushing or even filleting. The knife blade is made of chrome molybdenum steel with a hardwood handle riveted to a full tang. The scissor blades are chrome finished high carbon tool steel with flexible plastic handles. The Joyce Chen scissors cost **$13.00** ($1.95) #A411. The Chinese knife is **$27.00** ($2.95) #A692.



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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Unbetrayed

The film of Harold Pinter's *Betrayal* is graceful, economical, and strong. It's a civilized entertainment, by which I mean that it's consistently engrossing, often funny, sometimes moving: and that it takes its being with exceptional directness from the civilization around it.

As usual, Pinter made the screen adaptation of his play, and, as usual, he found new possibilities for the play in its film form. This is a matter of distinction, not hierarchy. The play has qualities that

Betrayal
(20th Century-Fox International Classics)

the film could not have. For example, in the London-New York production directed by Peter Hall and designed (scenery, lighting, and costumes) by John Bury, every scene began with the actors immobile in dim silhouette, city sounds behind them, and were brought to motion by the coming of the light. Each of the London settings was done in spare line and color, the one Venice scene was done in curves. These theatrically congenial devices helped to distill the realism poetically. Film could not accommodate those devices: they would work against both realism and poetry. The film—this film, anyway—needs rooms that are rooms, with life going on in them before and after the bits of that life that we see. In the theater, plaques of action were placed before us as in a three-dimensional mosaic; on screen, the camera just seems to arrive at opportune moments in these people's ongoing lives—opportune for us. And, growing out of that approach, Pinter fills in material around the edges that eases the play into this second form and, without fuss, corroborates it as film. We glimpse Emma's daughter at different ages, which makes her a kind of calendar; we see Emma getting into her car after the breakup of the affair and sitting there for a moment crying; we see the husband in his office, verified; we see the landlady who rents the lovers their rendezvous and, without rudeness, disbelieves everything they tell her. Pinter handles these additions so that they don't flatten suggestions into explicitness: they certify and expand.

However, the film doesn't "deepen" the play (though it does deepen a tone that I'll discuss). Exquisitely wrought though most of the dialogue and most of the scene structure are, *Betrayal* still asks for support from its performers in disproportionate measure. Every good script relies for fulfillment on its production, but Pinter over-relies here. After appreciating the dexterities and insights, one must still note that Pinter's performing collaborators have to give *Betrayal* more of its texture than in other plays of his.

But the film, because of the medium's flexibility, does make the overall pattern seem less of a stunt. The story begins at its conclusion and moves backward to its beginning. Pinter doesn't, as others have done, use the method slavishly: three of the play/film's nine scenes occur *after* the scene immediately preceding; but the story goes from 1977 to 1968. (Titles are flashed on screen to keep us straight.)

Betrayal concerns three people: Jerry, a London literary agent who is married and a father; Emma, his lover for seven years, an art dealer who is married and a mother; Robert, Emma's husband and Jerry's best friend, who is a publisher. In 1977 Jerry and Emma meet for a drink, the first time they have seen each other in the two years since their affair ended. She tells him that she and Robert are separating, that they had a long talk the night before, that Robert confessed to a number of affairs and she told him about the long-finished affair with Jerry. (Thus her affair could have had no real bearing on the breakup.)

As the story "progresses" backward, Jerry learns, to his astonishment, that Emma actually had told Robert about the affair four years ago. Robert had known about it while continuing his friendship and publishing business with Jerry and while he had also been busy with his own dalliance (apparently much more casual than his wife's). Then, moving further backward, we see that, though we may indeed weave a tangled web when first we practice to deceive, the management of tangled webs is part of our society's order: that part of the texture of marriage—of valuable and lasting marriage—is the management of tangled webs, which usually means bringing the beauty and importance of marriage into alignment with actualities.

For me, the chief interest of both play and film is in imagining a question mark after the title. Jerry and Emma use the term "betray" in the first scene, but as I wrote (elsewhere) in reviewing the play, *Betrayal* may be a spinoff from some lines in Pinter's previous play, *No Man's Land*. Hirst tells Spooner that, years before, he seduced Spooner's wife:

> Proposed that she betray you. Admitted you were a fine chap, but pointed out that I would be taking nothing that belonged to you, simply that portion of herself that all women keep in reserve for a rainy day.

Couldn't these lines, in essence, be spoken as well by a woman to another woman about the latter's husband? In *Betrayal* Pinter seems to be dramatizing the idea that, in our society, the rewards and the duration of marriage come less from ceremonial promises than from mutual respect; that, in the married person, there is an honor that is more private and

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Parsifal. H. J. Syberberg's highly idiosyncratic view of Wagner's (complete) work. The ear is delighted, the eye surprised sometimes but always held.

Sophie's Choice. Meryl Streep's performance is the only reason—though a strong one—to see this collapsed rendition of an inflated novel.

Time for Revenge. An Argentine radical's clever vengeance on the System. Twisty, tight, well acted and directed.

When Joseph Returns. A young Budapest wife, separated from her sailor husband, discovers how loneliness corrupts. Lili Monori is startlingly good in a well-made film.

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more sacred than public vows; that, in marriage, sometimes—often?—the hypocrisies entailed by convention are more dishonorable than "betrayal"; that these hypocrisies can transmute a marriage—which one wants to maintain or one wouldn't bother with the hypocrisies—into gamesmanship.

That gamesmanship leads to the matter of dramatic tone mentioned earlier. This film underscores an element that was in the play, is in *No Man's Land*, and is in many of the plays of lesser English writers such as Tom Stoppard and Simon Gray. They delineate a radical change in the locus of English high comedy. From the Elizabethan age until well into this century, high comedy was virtually the exclusive preserve of aristocratic and/or rich characters. One reason was that the plots of high comedy were possible only to people with time on their hands, people who didn't have to work for a living. Another reason was that these people—I mean these people in the real world, not the characters based on them by Congreve and Sheridan and Wilde—developed comedic skills *in their lives*, qualities of arch and poise and elegance, of tease and phrase and brusque politeness, of rapier skill in the drawing-room duel.

Increasingly through the twentieth century, as those upper classes dwindled proportionately against an educated, reasonably affluent middle class, the talent for high comedy in life has been acquired by that middle class. The action now has to be worked around office hours and carefully planned vacations and nannies for the children, but many of the English middle class now conduct their lives and conversations with a style as formal and smoothly cruel and reticently affectionate and articulately witty as they can make it, based on upper-class paradigms—perhaps impelled by a quite English imperative to maintain elegance, to keep the social backbone arched. Pinter, preeminently among his colleagues, has perceived this social shift and writes high comedy about these middle-class people who, as far as their dailiness will permit, try to live their lives with high-comedy panache. The tonal change in *Betrayal* from stage to screen has much less to do with the "breaking open" of a stage work than with intensification of this high-comic style in middle-class London life.

This would be impossible, of course, without the right execution. Pinter's film, excepting only the snatches of strident and unhelpful music, is splendidly done. The direction by David Jones is a heartening surprise. My first acquaintance with his work, a production of Gorky's *Enemies* at the RSC in 1971, made me respect him, but that respect withered through his tenure at the BAM Theater Company in Brooklyn, 1979-1981. I had never seen any of Jones's extensive TV work for the BBC, but his first feature film makes it plain that he understands how to use a camera, how to look and choose and move. The opening sequence, possibly planned by Pinter but perfectly done by Jones, is outside Robert's and Emma's house as they bid goodnight to departing guests. The pair shut their front door, and the camera comes closer to the house, then moves along to the kitchen window through which we see the couple conversing, not calmly. They slap each other. All this in one long camera take. I felt confidence suffuse me.

Then, in the next scene, Jerry and Emma in the pub the following day, Jones begins the cat-and-mouse technique that fills the rest of the picture, and is greatly aided by the editing of John Bloom, who did such good work on *Gandhi*. Jones and Bloom craft the film like jewelers, right to the finish where Jerry persuades Emma to start the affair whose end we have already witnessed. Her hand slides down his arm to his hand. The two clasped hands, a pretty wryness, are what we last see.

Jeremy Irons, back from his false fiddling as a Polish workman in *Moonlighting*, is Jerry and shows thoroughbred mettle and sensibility. Not a nuance is lost or overdone. In that last scene, which is the affair's beginning, Jerry's passion must win Emma. Irons is right in the fire. Ben Kingsley—Kingsley, who was impeccable as Gandhi!—is impeccable as Robert, proud, corrupt, vulnerable, tart. To see Kingsley in these two roles is to realize yet again that the future of imaginative acting is far from dim.

Patricia Hodge, well experienced in British theater and TV but new to me in films, is initially a somewhat unsettling choice for Emma. She is not instantly appealing. She almost seems a composite made from a national survey as to how a middle-class Englishwoman should look and sound. But she very soon shows fine skill at dealing with implications of feeling, with tenderness on guard; and very soon she becomes an argument for womanliness, as against immediately apparent beauty. In a quite subtle way, then, middle-class Hodge assists the shift in this film—from acting about life to acting about people who act in life.

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Nice people, nice places, pleasantly redolent of affection and money.

The World Of Fairfield Porter

By John Updike

Representational painting asks a double response from the viewer: to the subject depicted and to the manner of depiction, of painting. One of the delights of the show, "Fairfield Porter: Realist Painter in an Age of Abstraction," 144 works now on display at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, surely lies, for many of the viewers who will visit it here or later in four other cities, in its frank and sunny rendering of sights and scenes familiar to the haute bourgeoisie of the Northeast coast. Porter, son of a wealthy Chicago family, studied Fine Arts at Harvard and after graduation in 1928 moved to New York and attended the Art Students League for two years. He traveled in Europe, flirted with Socialism, lived in Westchester, owned a town house on 52nd Street, and finally in 1949 settled in Southampton, Long Island, where he lived *except* in the summer, when he took his family to a vacation house his father had designed in Great Spruce Head, Maine. Porter and his wife Anne (née Channing, from Boston) had five children all told, and their solemn-eyed heads and rather wooden figures adorn many if not most of his canvases; he painted what he saw, and what he saw were the isles and evergreens and rocky harbors of Maine; the large homes and lush lawns and massy elms and hedges and flowering shrubs of the Hamptons; beaches and the sea; children and guests on the screened porch; tables set for breakfast or with arrangements of flowers; big, bright rooms brimming with possessions, not the claustrophobic furnishings of the old rich but the disheveled plenty of their vaguely Bohemian offspring, who seem to live in summerhouses all year long. Nice people, nice places, pleasantly redolent of affection and sensitivity and, that great underwriter of both, money.

Money, too, underwrote Fairfield Porter's dedicated hours at the easel, pursuing techniques and artistic ideals that at no point from 1938 (the date of the oldest painting in the show) to 1975 (the year of his death) could have been called fashionable. His hero was Edouard Vuillard; he regarded everyone from Cézanne on as betrayers of Impressionism. He studied at the Art Students League with Thomas Hart Benton and Boardman Robinson; he thought Benton a bad painter and a "tiresome" teacher, Robinson a better teacher but no good as a painter. The famous Armory show he considered "a complete disaster to American art," deepening this art's provinciality. His dislikes ranged widely, from Arshile Gorky to Andrew Wyeth. But he liked Joseph Cornell's boxes. As an art critic for *The Nation* and *Art News* he coped sympathetically with abstract expressionism in its heyday and knew everybody, being especially close to the de Koonings and such members of the post-Pollock generation as Alex Katz, Jane Freilicher, Neil Welliver, and Larry Rivers. It is hard to feel, reading the forewords that John Ashbery and Kenworth Moffett have written for the Boston catalogue, that this earnest, cranky, rich man's son was not a bit patronized in the heady art circles of Manhattan and its exurban enclaves. Saul Steinberg once asked him at a party if he painted the way he did for political reasons. Clement Greenberg told him he was conceited and that "you can't paint figuratively today." Even those gallery managers who, often at the urging of more "in" artists like de Kooning and Jack Tworkov, gave Porter some wall space from the early 1950s on could not in their fondest dreams have foreseen so large a one-man show, scheduled for five major museums.

FAIRFIELD PORTER, 'DOOR TO THE WOODS,' CA. 1972
COURTESY OF THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

Less might have been more. There are perhaps six great and two dozen more that richly reward contemplation. The rest are tainted to a greater or lesser degree by a quality one might call amateurism, were not so many superb twentieth-century painters amateurs in the financial sense. Faces gave Porter a lot of

John Updike's most recent book is *Bech is Back* (Knopf).

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trouble, and his paint thickens as he worries at them. His still lifes of flowers tend to be garish and flaky in the classic Sunday-painter manner. Some of his paintings are so sharp in color they look better in reproduction; there is a poisonous green, especially, that the camera mercifully dulls. Sometimes he was hasty; notice, for example, the schematic hinges, cartooned in red monochrome, at the vertical center of *Door to the Woods*. His impressionism, in such a work as the 1968 *Self-Portrait*, approaches the facile dashingness of magazine illustration. He was a considerable user of raw white—the caked spreads of it in *Sun Rising out of the Mist* and *Blue Sunrise* give an eerie effect not so much atmospheric as enameled. Porter did show an engaging willingness to paint whatever was there: *The Fire* attempts to make a still-life subject of a log blaze in the fireplace, flames and all, and his several studies of oncoming waves seen from a beach have a surreal menace, looking more like hummocks in a giant earthworks than any fusion of wind and water. In such paintings he seems more than a little primitive. A visit to the Boston museum's lower level, where a complementary show of such other contemporary realists as Neil Welliver, George Nick, David Pack, and Lennart Anderson has been assembled, startles one with how much, as far as technique goes, Porter had to learn.

Yet in his best work, which tends to be that of his last ten years, his stubbornness and fidelity did bring off a miracle: an intimism with an American spaciousness, a color-drunk hymn to (in his phrase) "things as they are." The blue sea caught in the screened rectangles of *Still Life with White Boats* looks crude by itself but takes a key place in an alignment of blues that cinches beauty in. *Interior with a Dress Pattern*, the most closely worked painting in the show, not only creates a domestic interior so lovingly described that the viewer feels invited to come in and take a chair, but in its range of reds and dark golds it partakes of the sumptuous calm of Dutch genre interiors, Matisse's *Red Studio*, and Piero della Francesca. *Island Farmhouse* and *Boathouses and Lobster Pots* are more reductive, like silkscreens in their cut-out shapes and limited palettes, with an iconic intensity in certain details—the dog at rest in the sloping green shadow, the gaudy yellow clapboards, the boats the exact same gray as their shadows in the mist, the suspended scraps of cloud and sky. Clouds—clouds as they actually are—became one of Porter's strong suits; where else but in *The Harbor—Great Spruce Head* have we seen painted those leaden-lavender cores at the heart of radiant cumulus? From the abstract expressionists Porter learned boldness, the boldness of broad monochrome expanses and of loaded brushstrokes. Often he defines a tree's structure by slashing into its mass with heavy strokes of the background color. Sunlight explodes with terrific violence at the windows of his hushed interiors. In *Cliffs of Isle du Haut* (a canvas that seems to borrow some of the color-by-number texture of Welliver's landscapes), a spiky blob as black as anything in Kline or Motherwell overspreads the foreground without "reading" as a natural phenomenon.

Moving through the many rooms, one becomes aware of what Porter deliberately does not do. He does not, as do Nick and Hopper, offer any elegiac, generalized statement about American architecture or the lay of our land. Nor is any psychological mood being struck, like the intense loneliness of Hopper's figures or the glittering menace of Richard Estes's depopulated streets. One exception is *Door to the Woods*, where the woodsy tangle surges toward the door's frame like a caged beast. *Under the Elms* has a Munchlike morbidity, and a frozen heaviness attends many of the portraits; but this unease may be less projected by the painter than undischarged by him. Usually the pleasant environment of Fairfield Porter seems what he wanted it to be: an occasion for painting color. As a colorist he attained, late in his career, some triumphs that transcended subject matter. The painting itself—where, say, the distant islands of *Calm Morning* float as mere oblong brushstrokes on a field of lilac gray—becomes emotion, and our response becomes one not merely of recognition but of discovery.

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Reconsideration: Randolph Bourne.

A Radical And A Patriot

By Henry Fairlie

The pandemic of influenza that swept across the world at the end of 1918 killed some 25 million people. Willard Straight, the founder and owner of THE NEW REPUBLIC, died in Paris. On December 19, a brilliant and impoverished young writer, formerly a frequent contributor to THE NEW REPUBLIC but then bitterly at odds with it, was bothered by a cold, and moved into the apartment of the woman he was soon to marry, on the third floor of 18 West 8th Street, New York. Three days later, gasping for breath, balking at the oxygen, he asked for an eggnog. When it was brought to him, he deliberately praised its pale yellow color; and a few minutes later he died. Not all that many years ago, if one had told that story in any reasonably literate circle, everyone would have known who it was. Randolph Bourne, dead at 32.

In a tribute that the magazine published after his death, Floyd Dell called him "one of the strong and triumphant personalities of our generation." A year later, introducing a small collection of his essays, Van Wyck Brooks acclaimed him as "the flying wedge of the younger generation itself . . . ; not the critic merely, but the leader." Writing in 1932 in his

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novel *1919*, John Dos Passos said that Bourne had "put a pebble in his sling/ and hit Goliath square in the forehead with it." Max Lerner in the early 1940s called him "one of the men of moral and intellectual stature of our century." Alfred Kazin in *On Native Grounds*, published in 1942, said that "in no one [of his generation] did 'the promise of American life' shine so radiantly as in Randolph Bourne."

But then the legend began to fade, and the reputation with it. A renewed interest in his work was shown in the 1960s by those searching for a radical tradition that was native to America. Two new collections of his essays were published, and a new and full, if unsatisfactory, biography. But this revived interest did not really catch fire. When the most comprehensive selection of his writings to date was published in 1977, with a preface by Christopher Lasch, it was not generally noticed, although Olaf Hansen, the European intellectual who made the selection, said in his introduction that Bourne was "one of the eminent figures of his time." We are faced with some interesting questions. What was the influence on his own generation? What then made him a legend? Why did his reputation fade? Most important, why should we read him now?

THE BARE FACTS of his life, although remarkable, may be given quickly. He was born in 1886. It was, as he said, "a terribly messy birth." His face was badly deformed by a bungled forceps delivery. The umbilical cord was coiled round his left ear, leaving it permanently damaged and misshapen. As if this were not enough, he contracted spinal tuberculosis at the age of four, which dwarfed him, and made him look like a "grotesque hunchback." Ellery Sedgwick, then the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, said of their first meeting in 1911 that in appearance Bourne was "without a redeeming feature," and that "I could not bring myself to ask him to stay to lunch." Writing to Mary Messer in 1913, Bourne described himself as a man

> cruelly blasted by the powers that brought him into the world, in a way that makes him both impossible to be desired and yet—cruel irony that wise Montaigne knew about—doubly endowed with desire.

Due to the improvidence and, it seems, the indifference of his father, he had to make his own way to the university, and he did not go to Columbia until, at the age of twenty-three, he received a scholarship. His academic performance was so good that he graduated a year early, and Columbia then awarded him the Gilder Fellowship for a year's travel in Europe. He had already made something of a name for himself, as a writer and as a spokesman of his generation, by his numerous contributions to *The Atlantic*. When he returned from Europe—he was there when the war began—THE NEW REPUBLIC was just beginning. It was to be his main source of income for the next two-and-a-half years—he wrote seventy-five essays for it in that time—until he broke sharply with it on the issue of America's entry into the war. From 1916 until his death two years later, he also contributed thirty-two essays to *The Dial;* and during its brief life, seven important essays to *Seven Arts*. Given the range and length, quality and substance, of most of the pieces, it was an astonishing performance—in only four years.

BY HIS OWN intellectual generation, after he died, he was elected a martyr; and in these simple facts of his life there lay, indeed, the stuff of which legends are made. The conquering of his hideous deformities, and of his early frustrations and bitterness; the spokesman but also the critic of his generation of rebellious youth who, perhaps, best clarified their impulses and aspirations; the young man who turned his back on Europe, discarding it like a worn-out coat, to proclaim "the promise of American life," to interpret it and try to energize it anew—and then. . . . Then, the lonely, unflinching opposition to America's entry into the war; the desertion of almost the entire generation that he had led; the sacrifice of his career, the wracking poverty he endured. (His own apartment was not even properly heated when he caught influenza.) When the armistice at last came, he was ready, his friends tell us, to sing the songs of America again. But he died. Of his writing and example during the war, *The Nation* said in 1920 that he had left "the cleanest picture of ourselves when we were not ourselves." It is still one of the cleanest pictures of ourselves.

Let us begin at the end, with his opposition to the war. On the central issue his position was rather awkward. He was not a pacifist. He did not deny that war might sometimes be justified; he avoided saying that World War I was an absolute evil. In an article in *The Dial* in September 1917, which does not appear in the collections of his writings, he explicitly detaches himself in his first paragraph from the evangelism of the conscientious objector. As he put it in *Seven Arts* at the same time, "We can be apathetic with a good conscience." Because of his handicaps, he would not be drafted. This placed him in an uncomfortable position, which privately he did not altogether face. There is something unsatisfactory in his advice: "Let us compel the war to break in on us. . . . When we are broken in on, we can yield to the inexorable. Those who are conscripted will have been broken in on. If they do not want to be martyrs, they will have to be victims." This is scarcely a ringing call to oppose the war. If he had been drafted, would he have gone? We cannot tell.

But it was not really the war in itself that interested him; at no time did he consider the occasions that led to the war. He was least satisfactory when he argued in "The Collapse of American Strategy" (August 1917) that America should have remained neutral so that it could continue to be the arbiter. So what did interest him? "There is work to be done to prevent this war of ours"—not Germany's, mind you—"from passing into popular mythology as a holy crusade." He was one of the very few intellectuals in 1917 who did not buy the notion that America was entering the war for selfless reasons to make the world safe for democracy. "There must be some irreconcilables left who will not even accept the war with walrus tears." But that gives only a hint of his insight or his impulse.

IN HIS OPPOSITION to the war, he was cutting far deeper. One can disagree with him about the war—as I do—and still be thankful for the position he took. He was shocked by an unsigned editorial in THE NEW REPUBLIC on April 14, 1917, which contained a remarkable passage at which one still rubs one's eyes. Denying that "the bankers or capitalists" had taken America into the war, it claimed the credit (no less a word) for the intellectuals.

> The effective and decisive work on behalf of war has been accomplished by an entirely different class—a class which may be comprehensively described as the 'intellectuals'. . . . The American nation is entering the war under the influence of a moral verdict reached after the utmost deliberation of the more thoughtful members of the community.

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Bourne was never again to write a really political article for the magazine. Two months later his answer to the editorial appeared in *Seven Arts:*

> A war made deliberately by intellectuals! A calm moral verdict, arrived at after penetrating study of the inexorable facts! . . . An intellectual class, gently guiding a nation through sheer force of ideas into what other nations had entered only through predatory craft or popular hysteria or military madness.

The pages burned with his scorn.

Bourne had found the theme that held together everything else he said: not simply the guilt of his own intellectual generation, but the betrayal by the "intellectual class"—which its representatives at THE NEW REPUBLIC had so clearly and loftily identified—of its vocation and its responsibility to American society. He pursued the theme in a series of essays—which should be read together, and each in its entirety—in which the fierceness of the conviction still scorches. If they have an unyielding moral force, as is often said, it lies in an unyielding intellectual commitment. The criticisms that have been made in our own time of "the best and the brightest" for their responsibility for American involvement in the Vietnam War seem scarcely more than a form of the higher gossip when contrasted with Bourne's criticisms of the nature of the intellectuals' participation in World War I. We may still see through his prism. We must.

NO ONE recognized more clearly at the time that something new had happened. For the technical organization and management of modern war, governments required the collaboration of the intellectual class. He saw the intellectuals—many of them his friends and colleagues—give this collaboration in 1917-1918. "It has been a bitter experience to see the unanimity with which the American intellectuals have thrown their support to the use of the war-technique." He wrote of "the coalescence of the intellectual classes in support of the military programme"; and one may recall in passing, for it is usually forgotten, that Eisenhower included the intellectual class in the military-industrial complex. When Bourne says of 1917 that "Our intellectuals consort with war-boards," we can count how many intellectuals today have launched their public careers from war boards. "War is the health of the state," he was later to proclaim. War had become the profit of the intellectual.

As he drove wider and deeper with his theme, his voice carries with it an edge to our own time. He warned that this intellectual collaboration must lead "toward the riveting of a semi-military state-Socialism on the country." He pointed to "the undemocratic nature of this war-liberalism." He said that

> the old radicalism has found a perfectly definite level, and there is no reason to think that it will not remain there. Its flowering appears in the technical organization of the war by an earnest group of young liberals, who direct their course by an opportunist programme of State-socialism at home and a league of benevolently imperialistic nations abroad.

We may wish to qualify some of the harshness of his judgments, but we cannot deny that, writing in 1917 and not in 1968, he anticipated much of the course of American liberalism in this century, and many of the dangers, still not met, of a permanent war-state to the health of democracy. The size of today's defense budget is not just an economic but a political threat.

For he pushed yet deeper, wherever it took him. John Dewey had been his mentor since his days at Columbia. As late as March 1915 he had idolized him in THE NEW REPUBLIC: ". . . the most significant thinker in America . . . , this intensely alive, futuristic philosophy . . . , some of the wisest words ever set to paper." In an essay in *Seven Arts* in October 1917, "Twilight of Idols," he expressed the depth of his disillusion. Again he reaches to our own time. For when he turned on Dewey for his support of American participation in the war, finding "a slackening in his thought for our guidance and stir, and the inadequacy of his pragmatism as a philosophy of life in this emergency," he was anticipating the criticisms that must be made of the "pragmatic liberals" of our own time. He attacked the pragmatic intellectual liberal realists for believing that they could control events by giving their services to the very interests and forces that had created the events.

> The realist thinks he at least can control events by linking himself to the forces that are moving. . . . But if it is a question of controlling war, it is difficult to see how the child on the back of a mad elephant is to be any more effective in stopping the beast

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than is the child who tries to stop him from the ground. If the war is too strong for you to prevent, how is it going to be weak enough for you to control . . . ?

In the nuclear age, that question is a hundred times more disquieting.

Almost half a century later this was my criticism, in *The Kennedy Promise*, of the liberal intellectuals who served John F. Kennedy:

> The pragmatic liberal, acting within a "consensus" that he seeks both to foster and to manipulate, frees himself from political values, only to find that he has bound himself to react pragmatically to events as they occur, able to judge only their urgency, and not their importance.

(We now even have a phrase for it: crisis management.) The genius of Bourne was that he recognized this type as soon as he first arrived in Washington from the universities. In 1915 he praised Dewey because he said that "The mind is . . . a tool by which we adjust ourselves to the situations in which life puts us." But in 1917 he wrote of this instrumentalism:

> To those of us who have taken Dewey's philosophy almost as our American religion, it never occurred that values could be subordinated to technique. . . . But there always was that unhappy ambiguity in his doctrine as to just how values were created. . . . It is now becoming plain that unless you start with the vividest kind of poetic vision, your instrumentalism is likely to land you just where it has landed this younger intelligentsia which is so happily and busily engaged in the national enterprise of war.

We are again brought sharply into our own time when he says that this younger intelligentsia has been trained to be

> immensely ready for the executive ordering of events, pitifully unprepared for the intellectual interpretation or the idealistic focusing of ends. . . . They have absorbed the secret of scientific method as applied to political administration. They are liberal, enlightened, aware. They are touched with creative intelligence toward the solution of political and industrial problems. They are a wholly new force in American life, the product of the swing in the colleges from a training that emphasized classical studies to one that emphasized political and economic values. . . . Practically all this element, one would say, is lined up in the service of the war-technique.

He wonders "what scope they would have had for their intelligence without it." We know the answer each year in June when there come from the great universities to Washington, in their droves, those who have

> no clear philosophy of life except that of intelligent service, the admirable adaptation of means to ends . . . , vague as to what kind of society they want, or what kind of society America needs, but . . . equipped with all the administrative attitudes and talents necessary to attain it.

The law schools now feed them to Washington, as interchangeable as disc jockeys. Every administration, liberal or conservative, must endure them.

> The war—or American promise; one must choose. One cannot be interested in both. . . . The conservation of American promise is the present task for this generation of malcontents and aloof men and women.

This was another note he struck—"the effect of the war will be to impoverish American promise"—and in it sounded his earlier writing. He did not change, he followed through. Herbert Croly, the first editor of THE NEW REPUBLIC, had published *The Promise of American Life* in 1909, when Bourne went to Columbia. In looking to the fulfillment of the promise, Croly placed much of the emphasis on technical and organizational efficiency, a reflection of the time at which he wrote. Bourne uses the phrase, "the American promise," again and again, and surely deliberately, to give it his own meaning. He broke with the "new republicans," as he called them, on a deeper issue than the war.

Bourne's relations with THE NEW REPUBLIC are of more than parochial interest. Croly and his fellow editors were sufficiently impressed by him to make him a contributing editor as soon as he returned from Europe. This was, as Max Lerner said, an ornamental role; as I am

THE WHOLE TRUTH

Say they never loved me
And were merely too proud
After so many years
To admit their mistake.
Doesn't that mean my light by itself
Was enough to brighten my whole house
Here on the dark side of Buffalo?

And if it's only my ignorance
And my love of company
That make me believe the good moods
I find on waking have flown in
From far off like clouds from Canada,
Sailing over the lake to end a dry spell,
If they're my own creation after all,
Isn't that more proof
I'm a god's child, if not a god,
Resting on my porch in peace
On the seventh day
After the train squeaks by to Lackawanna?

And when the night comes over the roof
Whether I'm ready or not, and the stars rise
For their own reasons, and I'm not disconsolate,
Doesn't that mean my stars are rising too
With new reasons for my desires,
New words to describe the way my friends
Stand out from the crowd of shoppers on Arbor Day
With words of their own devising
Different from any I've made up so far?

CARL DENNIS

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able to confirm, it is an ornamental title. (Most contributing editors of any magazine neither edit nor contribute very much.) Bourne was disappointed because his position did not give him any financial security. (Things have not changed.) His biographer says gently that this indicated a certain foresight on the part of the editors, "for though Bourne was a frequent visitor to the office during the years 1914-1916 . . . his path led from that sanctum, rather than to it"; and this was "perhaps inevitable given his firm determination to be heard and his unwillingness to submerge himself into any of the movements of his time."

BUT THERE WAS more to it than the cussedness of by far the most independent and original voice that contributed to THE NEW REPUBLIC in those years. The most famous of Croly's fellow editors, Walter Lippmann, wrote *Drift and Mastery* in 1914. It echoed the promise of which Croly had written five years before. Man's scientific knowledge now enabled man to escape from the "jungle of disordered growth." Man could now master himself and his environment; change had become "a matter of invention and deliberate experiment." The scientific spirit made possible "the discipline of democracy, the escape from drift, the outlook of a freeman." Simon Patten, in another key book of the period, had written: "The final victory of man's machinery over nature's is the next logical step in evolution." This was the intellectual credo of the Progressive era, and from the start Bourne would have none of it. When he spoke of "the American promise," he spoke of something that was still open, not closed and finishing: not a technique or system.

In July 1916 he wrote a remarkable article for *The Atlantic*. It was called "Trans-National America." Later that year he adapted it for *The Menorah Journal*, where it appeared as "The Jew and Trans-National America." Only those who know how fearful was the alarm and how fierce the dislike with which the mass immigration at the beginning of this century was met—even by cultivated men; one may almost say, especially by them—can have any idea of how unusual was the welcome that Bourne gave to this transformation of America and how unbounded the vision he had of its future.

> America is a unique sociological fabric, and it bespeaks poverty of imagination not to be thrilled at the innumerable potentialities of so novel a union of men. . . . It is for the younger generation to accept this cosmopolitanism, and carry it along with self-conscious and fruitful purpose.

This was not only imaginative sympathy; it was also intellectual acuteness.

"We must perpetuate the paradox that our American cultural tradition lies in the future. It will be whatever we make out of this incomparable opportunity of attacking the future with a new key." He never wrote more remarkable sentences than these:

> Just in so far as our American genius has expressed the pioneer spirit, the adventurous, forward-looking drive of a colonial empire, is it representative of the whole America of the many races and peoples, and not of any partial or traditional enthusiasm. And only as that pioneer note is sounded can we really speak of the American culture. As long as we thought of Americanism in terms of the 'melting pot', our American culture lay in the past. It was something to which the new Americans were to be moulded.

He was "beyond the melting pot" almost half a century before Moynihan and Glazer. "The failure of the melting pot"—this in 1915, one must recall—"far from closing the great American democratic experiment, means that it has only just begun."

It has been said that Bourne was in this, as in so much else, the prophet of solutions only now being tried. The endurance of ethnicity even in the now unhyphenated American; the attempt to create or recover the intermediary associations by which people may more securely and even enthusiastically govern themselves; and above all, the unceasing effort to give to American nationality a particular meaning, then and now: again and again at the beginning of this century, he pointed the radicals of his generation to the truths, to the possibilities, which the liberals of this century then conceded to the conservatives. As he warned against the riveting of state-Socialism on America in the war, he was already far ahead of the flabby efforts of liberals now to reinvigorate their creed.

I have said that he was not really interested in the war itself. If we do not understand this, we will not understand his uniqueness. "For many of us, resentment against the war has meant a vivider consciousness of what we are seeking in

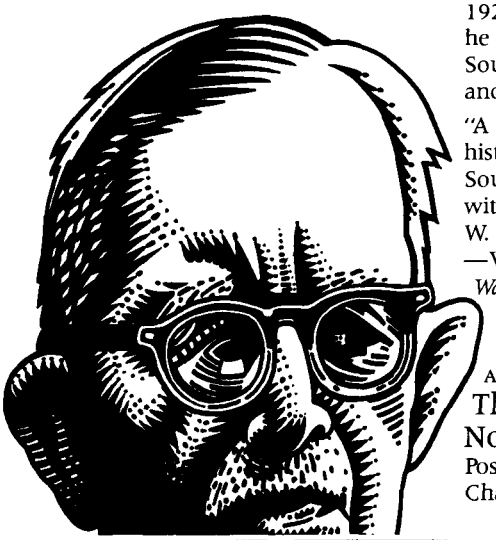
The Seer of the South

South-Watching

Selected Essays by Gerald W. Johnson

Edited with an Introduction by Fred Hobson

A contributing editor of *The New Republic* from 1954 until his death in 1980, Gerald W. Johnson was, as Adlai Stevenson remarked, "the conscience of America." He was one of the most prominent American journalists of the twentieth century, one of the outstanding essayists of any age, and a major force in the Southern renascence of the 1920s. Indeed, before Johnson diagnosed the ills of the nation, he examined the health of the South—and generally, in the 1920s, found it poor. In these essays he considers the Ku Klux Klan, Southern evangelism, cotton mills, and Babbitt in the New South.



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American life," and he preserved the hope "that in the recoil from war we may find the treasures we are looking for." A malcontent? But how generous a one. Aloof? But how wedded to America. His biographer is not being cheaply sentimental when he says of Bourne's death that "America lost a son who loved her as much as any who had been in the trenches." He belonged to a generation of rebels and, from the publication of his undergraduate essays in *Youth and Life* in 1913, became its "clear-minded leader and critic." No other name of that rebellious youth has survived so strong and unstained. The rebellion had been celebrated by Van Wyck Brooks in *America's Coming-of-Age* in 1915. But it was Paul Rosenfeld, another of the rebels, who said in 1924 that, even as a young man, Brooks had "suffered from the third-ratedness, the sogginess, the impotence of American culture," and he went on: "The death of Randolph Bourne, for one thing alone, has deprived him of a powerful stimulus. The little soldier of liberty was the best of foils for the somewhat diffident scholar."

FROM WHERE, in Bourne, did it come? Every subsequent writer on Bourne seems to find it necessary to deal first with the legend, the election to martyrdom, and even canonization by his generation after the war, as if to get them out of the way. But Bourne was one of those writers from whom, if we are to appreciate his work, we cannot strip either his life or the legend. We need a term of Christian theology to describe his example. Witness. To bear witness is to testify by words and deeds, or through the goodness of one's life and work, to a personal acceptance of the Christian faith. Bourne was not a Christian—he left open the question of whether there is a God—but we may use the term. Men may become martyrs by their deaths—and Bourne's early death left his generation stricken—but the witness of their lives also counts.

To this personal witness we may then add his sense of the role of the intellectual in public affairs. While he was deeply, even intensely, engaged in the social and political issues of the time—he touched on almost all of them, and almost always with the same clarity—he nonetheless believed that the intellectual should stand in his own realm and from there criticize the political or the economic realms. Thus, the growth of his corporations in his day bothered him, and his criticisms of the corporate system are acute, but he did not waste his time thinking that one could bust the trusts, and he certainly placed little faith in regulating them under government supervision. This was why he saw no need to be a socialist or a conservative. If *the rest* of American society was kept vigorous and alert—including the intellectual realm—then it was a large and open enough society to contain, in the end, any overweening power. The struggle was unending—there was no complacency in him—but if the intellectual remained on his own ground, refusing to collaborate, he would play his role, and, however pitifully in his case, earn his keep.

ONE OF BOURNE'S earliest essays—he was only twenty-five at the time, and still an undergraduate at Columbia—appeared in *The Atlantic* in September 1911. It was called "The Handicapped—By One of Them." It has, as far as I can judge, one fault. He was both handicapped *and deformed.* He does not make it clear that he is writing as someone who was not only disabled, but also so facially deformed that a sensitive man could say that his appearance was without a redeeming feature. But this said, the piece is astonishing. For there comes a point in reading it when, as he talks of "the handicapped," one thinks not of him but of oneself. Who is not handicapped? Bourne's sympathy is almost imperceptibly translated to all of suffering humanity; and as he grows more explicit, one's own sympathies deepen.

> What one does get sensitive to is rather the inevitable way that people, acquaintances and strangers alike, have of discounting in advance what one does or says. The deformed man is always conscious that the world does not expect very much from him.

Where does that differ from the remark that a young leader of the Oglala Sioux once made to me as he talked of the policies of the Bureau for Indian Affairs: "We are not given the chance to fail"? Where does it differ from the small expectations that many liberals have of the blacks or conservatives of the poor? Where, indeed, does it differ from Antigone's flaming retort to her sister Ismene, who warns her that she may fail: "When I *have tried* and failed, I shall have failed"?

At the age of twenty-five, Bourne is pushing, from his own experience, to the social philosophy that sustained him:

> It makes me wince to hear a man spoken of as a failure, or to have it said of one that "he doesn't amount to much." Instantly I want to know why he has not succeeded, and what have been the forces that have been working against him. . . . [My] experience has made my ideal of character militant rather than long-suffering. . . . The Stoics depress me. I do not want to look on my life as an eternal making of the best of a bad bargain. . . . Of one thing I am sure. . .: that life will have little for me except as I am able to contribute toward some such ideal of social betterment, if not in deed, then in word. . . . I want to give the young men whom I see . . . some touch of this philosophy . . . that will energize their lives, and save them from the disheartening effects of [the] poisonous counsel of timidity and distrust of human ideals.

Undergraduate writing? Well yes, some of it, undergraduate writing. But what does one say of a man who then goes on to live and write, suffer and fight, for it all under the severest of tests? I am not talking only of his opposition to the war, which cost not only the sacrifice of his career but the sacrifice of a magazine, but that second sacrifice is important. When THE NEW REPUBLIC cravenly confined him to a few occasional pieces on literature and the arts, Bourne found the main outlet for his opposition to the war in *Seven Arts.* This magazine was founded in November 1916 by James Oppenheim, Waldo Frank, and Van Wyck Brooks, with money supplied by "a bored woman of means, Annette K. Raskin." It carried the work of many of the best writers and thinkers of the day. Bourne went to its office in the spring of 1917—when he saw, after the resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare by the Germans, which way things were going at THE NEW REPUBLIC—and Oppenheim said later that he was the "real leader . . . of what brains and creativeness we had at the time." The editors of *Seven Arts* allowed Bourne to write what the editors of THE NEW REPUBLIC would not take from him. As Frank said afterward: "We felt Bourne was our arm in the world of action." So it published what he wrote and, before 1917 was done, the bored woman had withdrawn her means, because the editors would not censor his protests against the war. Robert Frost, one of its contributors, had warned, at the beginning, that this would happen. When the magazine folded, he wrote a verse:

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In the Dawn of Creation that morning
I remember I gave you fair warning
The Arts are but Six!
You add Politics
And the Seven will all die a-Bourneing.

One cannot ignore the fact that, after writing as a professional journalist for only three years, Bourne had emerged by the age of thirty-one, as the most independent, defiant, thoughtful, courageous exemplar of his profession. The writing cannot be separated from the example of the life. For he met even his easy allies with his criticism.

HE WAS NOT ONLY the leader but the *critic* of his generation. That is the testimony that we can read from the members of his generation. The early essay on "The Handicapped" had already included a criticism of youth, and it is perhaps here that we may discover why the "radical" youth of the 1960s did not adopt him. As he wrote of the feeling that his handicap and deformity, when he was young, made him "truly in the world, but not of the world," he went on to say: "The world of youth is a world of so many conventions, and the abnormal in any direction is so glaringly and hideously abnormal." As the editor of his most recent collection of essays puts it: "Bourne was at no time merely the prophet of a youth cult. . . . Youth does not guarantee a new beginning but merely its possibility." It was in two articles for *The Atlantic*—"The Two Generations" (1911), and "Youth" (1912)—that he made himself the leader of his generation. But not even in them did he concede any particular virtue to youth itself.

This is a rare discrimination in a writer of any age. Where was the censor within him? We have already seen that, in his opposition to the war, it was the intellectuals' betrayal of their vocation, more than the horror of the war, which really troubled him. (One can find in his writing barely a reference to the slaughter.) What he conceived to be the role of the intellectual is the key to his authority even now. He never called himself a "socialist." He was a "radical," an American radical. In a book review for THE NEW REPUBLIC in 1916, he made himself clear, so clear that many middle-class radicals today may squirm.

> The real trouble with middle-class radicalism in this country today is that it is too easy. It is becoming too popular. . . . The ranks are full of the unfocused and the unthinking. . . . *The only way by which middle-class radicalism can serve is by being fiercely and concentratedly intellectual* [my italics]. . . . The labor movement in this country needs a philosophy, a literature, a constructive social analysis and criticism of industrial relations. . . . Labor will scarcely do this thinking by itself. Unless middle-class radicalism threshes out its categories and interpretations and undertakes this constructive thought, it will not be done.

There then comes this vital disassociation: "Intellectual radicalism should not mean repeating the stale dogmas of Marxism." He was to repeat this from the beginning to the end: ". . . much of Marxism is doctrinaire and static in its concepts"; he said that what he called "the old solution of State ownership and control" was not valid as an American solution. He said it then, and he said it again and again. He tested everything against his one touchstone, his vision of America and its possibilities. That is why they make a movie about John Reed and not about Randolph Bourne. Reed is not a threat, since he spoke no truth; the Bournes are threats.

Most people who write about him ask what he would have become if he had lived. It is a foolish question, not because we cannot know, but because he answered it. The timeliness which we find in his writing even today, seventy years later, tells us how little he would have had to shift his fundamental position in order to meet, one by one, all the alarms and excursions of this century. The man who so clearly rejected Marxism in 1917 would not have followed so many of the writers of the 1920s into the Communist camp in the 1930s. The man who was the critic of his own generation of rebellious youth, even as he was its leader, would have had no truck with the intellectual laxity and dishonesty of the New Left. Yet just as he did not have to reach to a political conservation in his own times, so he would not have had to reach to it later. He would have had no need to become a neo-anything in order to make his position clear.

For *clear* it was. The words that Lewis Mumford used about him in THE NEW REPUBLIC twelve years after his death merely echo the words that are always used by those who have studied him: "His view of life was maturing, deepening, not yet ready for rounded expression, it was still a promise; a cool luminous dawn was spreading across the

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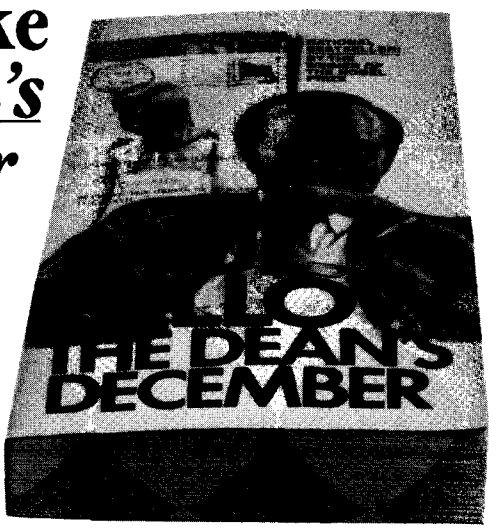

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skies." And what is astonishing is that even now it is like a cool luminous dawn that the freshness of his writing still touches us—almost, one may say, touches our cheeks. Mumford was writing of how, even then, Bourne seemed to have been set aside, and he protested: "It was the good fortune of American society to produce this man. We must not toss that luck away."

What is it, then, that stays in his writing? This was a radical who believed more in America than any Rotary speaker or sponger off the media. The man who had so clear a vision of transnational America was the same man who believed that the East Coast was still Europe and that only West of the Alleghenies did America begin. Yet he could believe all this without a page falling into the trap of a conservatism that is just one long grouch at the twentieth century. America must be kept open—no technique, no system, no ideology, must be allowed to close it down. There was his inspiration. He was—for try any other name against his—the last man who believed in America.

AMBASSADOR OF OTHERWHERE

Robert Graves: His Life and Work
by Martin Seymour-Smith

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 609 pp., $22.50)

In a house in Deyá, Mallorca, Robert Graves is slipping quietly through his eighty-eighth year; in a few months he'll have lived longer even than Thomas Hardy, who up until now has held the record for longevity among major English poets. It has been a long life; and a good thing it has been, considering the number of lives Graves has crammed into it. In his time he has been a soldier, a shopkeeper, a professor, a novelist, a biographer, a critic, a lecturer, a translator, a mythographer, a biblical scholar, an editor, and a poet; and he has lived these various lives in many remote places: in England and Wales, in France, in Egypt, in Spain, and even in Princeton, New Jersey. He has been the husband of two women (one of them notoriously difficult), and the palely loitering consort of another, widely believed to be a witch.

Some of these roles have been temporary (neither the shopkeeping nor the professing lasted very long), and others have been merely the intermittent expedients necessary to feed the army of children produced by the two wives. Only one has been Graves's true vocation: "Frankly," he wrote in a letter in his middle years, "all I really care about is poetry, that is my life"—thus casting wives, children, novels, and everything else into a secondary realm, where indeed they seem always to have been. Looking back, one can see that it has really been one long and dedicated life in poetry, though with many digressions ("the temptation to digress has always vexed me," Graves says).

Much of the story of Graves's life makes him seem an odd anachronism—the last, leftover Romantic poet. Think of how many of the familiar Romantic myths are there: the flight from urban civilization, the self-exile and the wandering, the sexual quest, the bondage to a fatal woman—it's as though Graves had mapped out his life after studying the lives of Byron and Shelley and Keats. So one can't help feeling a bit restless as one reads a biography of Graves, a little embarrassed even, not simply at the endless emotional untidiness in which he has lived, but at how outdated, and how *literary* his crises and disasters seem. In the twentieth century such goings-on seem somehow misplaced: life among the Modernists has been messy enough, God knows, but in other ways.

But there is *another* story that the poems tell. In fact, there is more than one, depending on which collection of the poems you read; for Graves has used the various editions of his collected poems to edit and winnow, and so in the end to construct his poetic life. For instance, Graves served in the trenches in World War I, and wrote a number of poems about that experience. When he put together his first big collection, *Poems (1914-1926)*, he included a section of these war poems, but they do not appear in any of his later collections—Graves the soldier-poet has simply been erased from the poetic life. You might argue that this was a wise decision: most of Graves's war poems aren't very good, and his marvelous war memoir, *Goodbye to All That*, tells his war story better in prose. But on the other hand, the war had a powerful and continuing effect on Graves; he came out of it shell-shocked and fearful, and haunted by nightmares of the dead, and these fears and hauntings inhabit his postwar poems. So, if the latest *Collected Poems* is a poetic life, it contains at the beginning some effects without causes.

One other episode in Graves's life had an effect as great as—or greater than—his experience of war. In 1926 he met the young American poet Laura Riding, and for the next fourteen years his life and his poetry were directed and transformed by her presence. Riding arrived in London with a small reputation as a poet (she had published with the Nashville Fugitives), but she was a good deal more than just a minor poet, though what she was is hard to describe—a magus? a prophet? a feminist messiah? Perhaps the best, and most neutral way to describe her would be to say that at twenty-five she was a philosopher of poetry as well as a poet. In her view, poetry was the ultimate, indeed the only medium of truth-telling, and therefore of knowledge of reality; time and the physical were accidental forms to be purged from poetic discourse, leaving only "deliberate intellectual forms." She was, in short, a philosophical idealist, and a totally convinced one.

IN HER QUEST for absolute truth in language Riding cast herself in an absolute role: she was to be the judge of the poetry of others (Graves passively allowed her to "correct" his work), the thinker, the planner, the leader. After Graves's marriage had broken up, as it soon did, and he and Riding had moved to Mallorca, her imaginings grew increasingly grandiose: they would compile a dictionary of true definitions, they would gather disciples, they would form a university. And then, inevitably, the whole thing fell apart, the two separated, and Graves married again and began his later, calmer, and once more domestic life—a life that he still lives.

About the Riding-Graves business there are two important things to be said. First, that though Riding was a strange and destructive person, she was also a poet of extraordinary originality (com-

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parable in this respect, I'd say, to Emily Dickinson). Nobody has ever written like her (though she obviously influenced Graves, and to some degree the early Auden). If her poetic career had continued she would have settled securely into the anthologies, and would now be solemnly lectured about by professors of modern poetry; and certainly she would be read by feminists. But in the mid-1930s she began to doubt the capacity of even poetry to achieve the truth that she aimed for, and in 1939 she simply quit writing it, and for many years refused to allow her poems to be reprinted. Now that they are back in print, they should be taken seriously, and the *other* Riding—the weird woman of literary gossip—should be forgotten.

The other thing to be said is that in submitting to the dominance of Riding, Graves may have known what was good for him. Riding was neither the first nor the last woman to obsess him—Graves has always been passive and dependent on women—but she was the most powerful, and it was only after his years with her that he was able to comprehend his obsession, and to give it a mythological, quasi-anthropological form in the book that he called *The White Goddess*. This triple-formed deity is all the women in a man's life—Mother, Lover, and Layer-Out; and if the man is a poet, she is also, inevitably, his Muse. Poetry, then, is simply the religious invocation of the Goddess, in which "the experience of mixed exaltation and horror that her presence excites" is embodied. Certainly mixed exaltation and horror were what women excited in Graves, and it was clearly useful to him to mythologize these feelings, as it was useful for Yeats to get his ideas about history and psychology into *A Vision*. Useful for *him*, though, not for *us*; for in fact there is little in *The White Goddess* that a reader of Graves's poems needs, beyond the dedicatory poem, which is in the *Collected Poems*.

The White Goddess gave Graves the conviction that he was a systematic poet, doing the one poetic thing worthy of a poet's labors. So, in "To Juan at the Winter Solstice," he tells his young son that "there is one story, and one story only/ That is worth the telling." That story is of man in his relations with the Goddess, the poet with his Muse. What Graves is saying is not true, of course, even of his own "stories," which went on being of all kinds. But perhaps, as Graves would say when caught in an inaccuracy, it is "philosophically true"; and certainly his later poems are more preoccupied with love—its joy, pain, sacrifice, and loss—than the earlier ones are.

That may all be Riding's doing. But from her Graves also got another kind of obsession—her obsession with truth-telling. Inspiration may come uninvited from the Muse, but craft confirms and shapes her gift, and one can see, comparing Graves's early poems with his later ones, how demanding craft became under Riding's tutelage. Look at the poems in *Fairies and Fusiliers* or *Country Sentiment* or *Whipperginny* (all pre-Riding volumes) and see how easily the couplets and the fake-ballad stanzas run, how approximate the epithets are, and how predictable the rhymes: "As Jane walked out below the hill, She saw an old man standing still . . ." and so on, and on and on. And then take a look at a typical poem from the Riding years, "On Portents":

> If strange things happen where she is,
> So that men say that graves open
> And the dead walk, or that futurity
> Becomes a womb and the unborn are shed,
> Such portents are not to be wondered at,
> Being tourbillions in Time made
> By the strong pulling of her bladed mind
> Through that ever-reluctant element.

A formal-looking poem, certainly; yet it doesn't quite scan or rhyme, though the ear hears internal chimes and echoes, and an insistent cadence. It is a mysterious poem—mystery is its subject; a poem *about* Time but not located in time, difficult but grammatical in its syntax, odd in its language (one has to look up *tourbillion*), and altogether Gravesian and White Goddessy (though that book was still many years in the future).

ROBERT GRAVES OUTSIDE HIS MALLORCA HOME, COURTESY OF THE GRANGER COLLECTION

Graves said of his early poems that they dealt with two themes—the love theme and the fear theme. In mature poems like "On Portents" these themes go together: the world of the poem remains fearful and haunted, but it is energized by a force that is powerful and female, and so it is endurable. This is the world of the later poems, and it clearly has much to do with the long and daunting presence of Laura Riding in Graves's life.

That "world" that Graves has created in his poems is certainly an odd one, and particularly for a modern poet. It is a world located in neither time nor space, containing no topical reference, nor any politics or religion, nor any signs of modern thought or modern poetry. It is a world of myths, parables, and mysteries, not at all a modern world—except in the sense that Kafka is modern (Graves even has a poem titled "The Castle"). In Graves's (and Riding's) view, poetry, like dreams, has nothing to do with temporality; a poem is a "miraculous, unpredictable and unassayable event in nonhistory," and the poet is "an ambassador of Otherwhere / To the unfederated states of Here and There."

Graves and Riding seem to have been the first critics to apply the word *modernist* to poetry, and their book, *A Survey of Modernist Poetry* (1927), is the first to treat poets like Eliot, Stevens, Marianne Moore, and Cummings in an analytical,

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"new-critical" way. But Graves was never really easy among the Modernists, and in his later years his opposition to their methods became harsher and harsher, and more and more vocal, as for example in his Clark lectures of 1955, in which he took on and dismissed in turn Yeats, Pound, Eliot, Auden, and Dylan Thomas, and then at the end tossed in "muddle-headed, sex-mad Lawrence" and "poor, tortured Gerard Manley Hopkins" for good measure, leaving himself pretty much king of the castle.

AND HAVING REJECTED everyone who was *in*, he then cheerfully aligned himself with those who were *out*, with poets like John Masefield and Edmund Blunden. "Though members of a rebellious new generation [he wrote of himself and Blunden] we declined to ally ourselves poetically with the Franco-American modernists. . . . We remained as obstinately rooted in the early English tradition as Masefield himself." Graves was seventy-two when he said this at a memorial service for Masefield, and one recognizes that on such occasions a man is not upon oath. But what Graves said about himself is essentially true; he *has* remained rooted in the English tradition, and faithful to its other practitioners. (In 1966 he supported Blunden against Robert Lowell to succeed him as professor of poetry at Oxford: Lowell's work, he said, had "modernistic overtones," whereas Blunden "always keeps close to the English tradition.") Like Masefield and Blunden, Graves entered English poetry during World War I as a Georgian; unlike them, he moved on, remaking the tradition, as important traditional poets do, though without ceasing to be traditional. And now, seventy years later, he is alive as a poet, and they are dead; and the English tradition itself is alive, too, in part because of Graves and his example.

Martin Seymour-Smith has written a full and sympathetic account of Graves's life, including the eighty-odd books of prose that Graves wrote, and that I have scarcely mentioned here. If you want the incidents of the external life—the wives, the books, the dreams, follies, and embarrassments, they are all here, and in careful detail. We should all be grateful to Mr. Seymour-Smith, and indeed I am. If my gratitude is nevertheless a bit grudging, it's because I think he could have done better with less. At the simplest level, he could have left some of his details out: do we really need the names of Graves's friends' cats? Do we need the details of Graves's dental history, including the appointments he missed?

Part of the problem is that Seymour-Smith has known Graves. You might think that acquaintance with one's subject could only be an advantage; but in fact the very worst literary biographies of recent years have been written by acquaintances—Robert Sencourt's *T. S. Eliot: A Memoir* and Charles Osborne's *W. H. Auden*. Seymour-Smith is a far better biographer than either Sencourt or Osborne, but he shares one of their weaknesses—a tendency to thrust himself forward as an authority on his subject, *because* he knew him. And he is obtrusive in other ways as well; he offers us his opinions on literature, society, and feminism, and his personal judgments of persons, both those who figure prominently in his story, and those who don't. These judgments are generally harsh, and sometimes seem gratuitously so; it may well be that Laura Riding was the deranged witch that he thinks she was, but was Henry Williamson really a demented fascist? Was Blunden really a feeble twister? Was Neville Chamberlain a worm? And is it essential to the life of Robert Graves to say so? The hardest lesson for a biographer to learn is that not everything he knows or believes is relevant to his task, or interesting in its own right. It is a lesson that Seymour-Smith has yet to be taught.

Graves survives his Life and Work better than you might expect. Much of what one learns here is slightly discreditable—silly, or petty, or daft—but Graves's devotion to his Muse remains untarnished. And, what is more important, so does his poetry. Which goes to show, perhaps, that even among Romantic poets Life has less to do with Art than we thought. The Muse may send the occasions for poems, but she is not interested in personal history, only in the poems that do her honor.

SAMUEL HYNES

Samuel Hynes is the author of *The Auden Generation* (Viking).

CHARACTER LESSONS

Woman and the Demon: The Life of a Victorian Myth by Nina Auerbach

(Harvard University Press, 246 pp., $17.50)

Becoming A Heroine: Reading About Women in Novels by Rachel M. Brownstein

(Viking, 291 pp., $19.95)

> Literature, clearly, directly influences life.
>
> Through this collage of texts and pictures, we can discern a myth that functioned above all as a shaping principle, not only of fictions, but of lives as well.

Rachel Brownstein wrote the first of these sentences; Nina Auerbach, the second. At a historical moment when prominent literary critics assert ever more loudly the ineluctable gap between text and referent, the necessity of understanding literature as words on a page, these two writers ingeniously and insistently defend a shared conviction that the value of texts derives from their capacity to affect those who read them. Brownstein argues that women read novels in order to imagine themselves as heroines and to learn how to become the self-determined beings that heroines represent. Auerbach constructs a complex historical argument to demonstrate in Victorian fiction, autobiography, and painting the presence of an unexpected myth of female power. The sharp differences in tone and methodology between the two studies only underline their common assumptions and the freedom and authority that stem from such assumptions.

Woman and the Demon makes larger claims and defends a more controversial position than *Becoming A Heroine* embodies. Auerbach challenges twentieth century assumptions about the Victorian

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vision of women, a vision presumably reflecting the social practices of a period marked by its repressiveness. Focusing her attention on four paradigms—angel, demon, old maid, "fallen woman"—she demonstrates the connections linking apparently opposed myths, arguing that even the imagery of the powerless social outcast conceals conviction of women's inescapable dominance. The "angel in the house," whom twentieth-century readers have imagined as a passive, compliant creature, in fact manifests the energy of older, masculine angels—those active, powerful beings evoked, for instance, in *Paradise Lost*. The demon, in the form of mermaid or lamia, may exercise seductive force; the old maid may take advantage of the freedom of her position; the fallen woman may allegorize "the triumph of spirit over life" (Elizabeth Gaskell's *Ruth*) or that "of life over spirit" (*Tess of the D'Ubervilles*). In the recent past, Auerbach points out, feminists have seen "in social mythology only a male mystification dehumanizing woman"; she speaks for the other side of myth, its "liberating energy."

THE INVENTIVENESS and range of the examples Auerbach adduces account for much of the power of *Woman and the Demon*. She begins, for instance, by examining the myth of woman as victim in three familiar, diverse manifestations: Trilby, from George du Maurier's novel of the same name, helpless before the manipulations of the master mesmerist Svengali; Lucy, vampirized by Dracula in Bram Stoker's fiction; and Freud's Dora, who escaped her physician's analysis only to be fixed in his account of it. In each instance, Auerbach shows, the woman within the narrative develops unexpected power. Dracula, for example, contracts as Lucy changes and expands; "though he is the object of pursuit, Lucy, and then the vampirized Mina, are the objects of attention." The story, often read as one of sexual repression, in fact lends itself to interpretation as a "myth of newly empowered womanhood, whose two heroines are violently transformed from victims to instigators of their story." Freud's case history, according to Auerbach's reading, illustrates once more the female capacity for transmogrification. The analyst fights unsuccessfully to keep his patient because he values her transmutative potential; she triumphs, as other critics have also seen, by refusing—refusing Freud's interpretations and finally his treatment, leaving him helpless.

The plausibility of these interpretations varies, to my mind: I find the reading of Freud less persuasive than that of *Dracula*. But given the vast number of examples in this study, both visual and verbal, the case begins to seem incontrovertible in spite of occasional overreadings or strained argument. One may or may not be willing to accept Lewis Carroll's Alice as a type of the fallen woman (she *falls*, doesn't she?); the energy and conviction and authority of the book as a whole make small insufficiencies irrelevant. Auerbach takes her epigraph from Maxine Hong Kingston: "Perhaps women were once so dangerous that they had to have their feet bound." By the time she has piled up her evidence, the reader can hardly fail to believe that Victorian efforts to convert women into angels or demons, victims or outcasts, at least partly reflect a need to counteract perceived danger. In picture and story, including such autobiographical records as those of Florence Nightingale and Frances Power Cobbe, the Victorians reveal beneath their surface presentations of female insufficiency at least glimpses of women's overwhelming power. That power emerges in syntax and in pictorial composition, in plot and in iconography. It permeates the age.

BUT DOES the pattern belong only to the Victorians? I wonder. Auerbach has rooted her analysis in a rich understanding of historical particularity; she thinks about such matters as the relation between the vision of women and the nineteenth-century crisis of faith. Yet eighteenth-century examples of the same discrepancy between surface and depth readily occur to me. To mention only familiar novels: surely *Clarissa* epitomizes the "fallen woman" accumulating vast power. Defoe's Roxana and Moll Flanders triumph as outsiders. The heroines of Gothic fiction—I think particularly of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*—faint and fear and proclaim their helplessness, yet end up getting exactly what they want, demonstrating their superior effectiveness to the men they finally marry. Only in the twentieth century, perhaps, does one encounter the discrepancy in reverse: Doris Lessing's "free women" feel powerless, Margaret Drabble's female archaeologist experiences her own insufficiency. Perhaps myths always have an underside, always reveal what they purport to deny. Nina Auerbach makes one think about such possibilities: not the least of her accomplishments.

In her final chapter, in some ways the most provocative of all, Auerbach takes up the myth of character (my phrase, not hers). She argues that "If mankind, that grand abstraction and disheartening reality, failed [in the nineteenth century] as an object of worship, its essence distilled into fiction triumphed"; she cites critical essays that treat fictional characters as though they possessed lasting, ever-changing life outside the text. Samuel Smiles's moralistic belief in "character" as the self-created achievement of the individual; the Victorian use of the word *character* as referring both to "reputation" and "professional reference"—both testify to the enormous importance of the concept in the late nineteenth century. Auerbach points out, rightly, that in the twentieth century, belief in the "star" has superseded faith in character: we interest ourselves in Judy Garland rather than Dorothy, the adventurer in Oz. Yet Rachel Brownstein's *Becoming A Heroine* may rouse speculation that we have not, after all, outgrown this particular myth.

Unlike *Woman and the Demon*, *Becom-*

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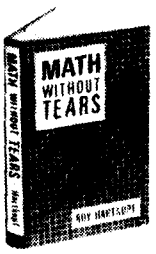

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ing A Heroine works best not in large argument but in detailed interpretation. It offers sprightly, stimulating readings of great novels from the eighteenth to the twentieth century: works by Richardson, Austen, Brontë, Meredith, Eliot, James, Woolf. Brownstein makes her understanding available to readers unfamiliar with her texts without boring the reader who knows the novels well. She does so partly by insisting that professional and nonprofessional critics of literature often share the same kind of involvement, an involvement that she documents partly by excursions into autobiography. Her book sustains its interest unfailingly: by its vivid sense of personality, of a special mind and sensibility at work; by its sharp, lucidly articulated perceptions; by its insistence that literature *matters.*

WE DON'T YET have accurate studies of readership in eighteenth-century England, but we know that male critics in the period consistently alleged the predominance of female readers. On the other hand, Boswell's journals testify to the power of fiction over his imagination; Dr. Johnson's reported conversation indicates that he read current novels (although he disapproved of many); most eighteenth-century men who have left personal records reveal that they read what Richardson and Fielding and Defoe wrote (not, however, the mass of fiction by women; though Fanny Burney's work compelled the imaginations of such men as Sir Joshua Reynolds and Edward Gibbon). Brownstein does not entirely accept the myth of female readership, but she believes that women bear a special relation to the world of fiction because of their need for what "heroines" offer. "Hers is always the same old story," Browstein maintains.

> . . . A hero is extraordinary, exempt from the rules of society; a heroine must stick to the social code and then some. She is governed by constraints as rigid as the ones that make a sonnet.

Elizabeth Bennet, in *Pride and Prejudice*, embodies a typical set of fantasies:

> that character determines fate, that virtue is rewarded, that to know oneself is to know and control one's destiny. A heroine, unlike other women, controls her life, shapes her self, makes her happiness.

Women, Brownstein argues, eagerly embrace this fantasy: they look to the heroine for guides to their own conduct, for ways of imagining themselves.

The consequences of the special interest women feel in heroines do not emerge altogether clearly from this study. The author's tone about her own past raises questions. "I was determined to be a comic, not a tragic, heroine," she writes in one excursion into autobiography:

> It was logical: I liked to make jokes and I wanted to be happy. To be a heroine and happy, too, seemed to be the perfect blend of art and life. At college a boyfriend and I played Benedick and Beatrice. Freshmen flocked to hear our witty exchanges in the cafeteria; in secret there was love-talk, but audiences drew out the rapiers of our wits, and we were Man and Woman, antagonists.

Yes indeed: many readers will identify with both the substance and the emotional atmosphere of such a passage. But what, exactly, does its irony imply? The writer skillfully uses her own efforts to "become a heroine" as the stuff of comedy, inviting us to laugh at the naiveté of her younger self. Laughter, unquestionably, is the easiest response; with the author we smile, a little ruefully, about her, and our, pasts. But if women's wistful, hopeful contemplation of "heroines" as exemplars merits the critical attention that Brownstein offers it, if it tells us something important about the way literature works, surely one should take a girl's efforts to mold herself into a comic heroine very seriously indeed. To mock them, even gently, undercuts the project of the book as a whole.

IN A SENSE, the author *does* take herself seriously in her youthful avatar—far more seriously than she takes the Benedick-playing boyfriend, since her argument implies that women use "heroines" for their own purposes in a way that men do not use "heroes." (I'm dubious, myself, about this distinction.) She employs irony, as we all do on occasion, as protection against precisely that seriousness. At the book's end, she unexpectedly wavers in her summary, acknowledging openly for the first time that "the literary associations that halo the heroine keep her in a traditional woman's place." In other words, the woman's reading of fiction reconciles her to her social subordination. Weakly, in her next-to-last sentence, Brownstein suggests that the wisdom and "complex self-consciousness" of English novels make them also our best guide to social and psychological change; but she neglects to show how involvement with

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"heroines" might actually work this way.

Nina Auerbach, who does not treat *Daniel Deronda* in detail, designates the novel's "heroine," Gwendolyn, as one of those "serpent-women" who "exude a power that withers patriarchs." Rachel Brownstein, in a detailed, compelling reading of the novel, concludes with emphasis on Gwendolyn's final position as like "a little child." Auerbach understands George Eliot as using fruitfully in her own life the myth of the "fallen women"; Brownstein sees her as the type of the good mother. To read these two critical works in conjunction reminds us that literature bears on life in multifarious ways—its bearing dependent on the eyes with which it is read—and illustrates the ambiguous power of "character" over sensitive readers even in an age of movie stars.

PATRICIA MEYER SPACKS

Patricia Meyer Spacks, author most recently of *The Adolescent Idea* (Basic Books), is spending the year at the National Humanities Center, where she is writing a book on gossip.

FLOWERS OF ENGLISH

Les Fleurs du mal
by Charles Baudelaire
in a new translation by Richard Howard
with illustrations by Michael Mazur

(David R. Godine, 365 pp., $22.50)

Does *Les Fleurs du mal* exist? The fact that Richard Howard's translation of Baudelaire compels us to ask this apparently absurd question should, I believe, be taken as a sign of the excellence of his work. Generally, translations are (or, I would suggest, should be) impossible to read, and essentially this has very little to do with whether or not they are "good." The trouble with translations is that they *don't allow themselves* to be read; they are always directing our attention to another, invisible text, which we naturally presume to be the "original" text.

If, for example, we don't know Baudelaire in French, most of the previous translations of *Les Fleurs du mal* are bound to make us wonder why he is considered a great poet. In reading them, we begin to suspect either that the translator is not being faithful to the original, or—and this is more likely—that he is being too faithful, too literal. An excessively scrupulous adherence to an extraordinary French poem produces some flat, even abominable English verse. Or, more insidiously, we may be so dazzled by the translation that we wonder if the translator—especially if he is himself an interesting poet—has simply used Baudelaire as a pre-text, as the stepping-stone to a volume of verse marked above all by his—the translator-poet's—own technique and sensibility.

In both these cases, we find ourselves lost in a kind of sterile, immobile reverie: what can *Les Fleurs du mal* "really" be like? If we were able to answer this question, we would of course have no reason to read the translation; and yet it is precisely our reading of the translation that condemns us to speculate, hopelessly, about a text which, because we now "know" it in English, has become more lost and more desirable than ever before.

Can we imagine a translation which would not only rid us of this obsession with the original, but which would even make the very notion of an original text immensely problematic? I'm thinking of something much stranger than our finding the translation so impressive in its own right that we simply decide to stop worrying about its correspondence to a work in another language. The case I have in mind would be irreducibly paradoxical: the translation would be identical to the original *because of* its radical difference from it. The relation between the two would no longer be one of derivation, but rather of what I can only call a mysterious *identity of difference*. Suddenly, and against all common sense, we would be making the most improbable observations. We would, for example, be discovering that in a certain sense *Les Fleurs du mal* is *not* prior to *The Flowers of Evil*. And we might perversely assert that instead of considering the former as the model of the latter, we should try to think of two identical texts which, however, have nothing in common.

WE HAVE ONLY to look at the cover of Richard Howard's translation to feel that perhaps both he and his publisher were determined that we should entertain such troubling, even dizzying reflections. The normal way of presenting, say, a translation of Stendhal would be: Stendhal, *The Red and the Black*, the complete text of *Le Rouge et le noir* in a new translation by X. . . . Or, in the case of Baudelaire: Charles Baudelaire, *The Flowers of Evil*, the complete text of *Les Fleurs du mal* in a new translation by Richard Howard. But in this edition we have: Charles Baudelaire, *Les Fleurs du mal*, the complete text of *The Flowers of Evil* in a new translation by Richard Howard. Why is a translation announced by a nontranslated (and easily translatable) title? Much more disturbingly, what can "the complete text of *The Flowers of Evil*" possibly be? Common sense tells us that there is "a complete text" only of *Les Fleurs du mal*, which a volume entitled *The Flowers of Evil* might offer us in English. But the cover suggests that this volume gives the reader the "complete text" of a prior version of itself—as if the only original to which it owed any allegiance were an original version of itself which, however, was obviously nonexistent prior to its "translation." And yet, as I've said, the cover announces in much larger print: *Les Fleurs du mal*. On the one hand, *The Flowers of Evil* appears to have its own "complete text"; on the other, the cover more ostentatiously promises us not a translation but *Les Fleurs du mal*. What is the relation between the two?

What I wish to suggest is that the cover of this volume provides us with a kind of iconographic definition of Richard Howard's brilliant achievement. He has produced exactly what I referred to a moment ago: an underived translation, an English text responsible only to itself but which, paradoxically, is *Les Fleurs du mal*. But it is of course true that we can make such a statement—a statement that implies a decision to "forget," or at least to bracket, the French text—only if we have already submitted the translation to a rigorous test of its value *as* a derived text.

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It is only by comparing Howard's work to Baudelaire's French that we gradually learn to formulate doubts about textual priority.

In this process of comparison we are, first of all, dazzled by all those finds that make this translation at once eminently readable and miraculously close to its model. This exceptional—and exceptionally successful—closeness to the French text can characterize an entire poem (I'm thinking, for example, of "In Passing / A Une Passante"), or certain key phrases, phrases one would have thought impossible to render both precisely and poetically in English ("rapture of repose" for "voluptés calmes" in "Previous Existence/La Vie antérieure," and the wonderful couplet: "All is order there, and elegance / pleasure, peace, and opulence" for the famous refrain of "L'Invitation au voyage": "Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et beauté, / Luxe, calme, et volupté.") But, as these examples show, even the strictest adherence to the French necessarily involves an interpretive departure from the French. Howard keeps the incantatory quality of the refrain from "L'Invitation au voyage" by changing "beauté" to "elegance," which allows for a rhyme with "opulence," and by adding an alliterative beat—"pleasure, peace"—to the enumeration.

This intelligent responsiveness to the poem's meaning informs almost every translation in this volume. For readers interested in following the fascinating interpretive mobility of Richard Howard's work—the constant shifts from a deceptively passive, word-by-word transcription of the French to bold recastings of entire stanzas—I recommend in particular his versions of "Les Bijoux," "A Celle qui est trop gaie," and "Recueillement." There is, in fact, something to admire on nearly every page. "Ironique," for example, is both translated *and* contextually understood as "blank and unconcerned" in the English rendering of the last stanza in Section 1 of "Le Cygne." "Squeamish monster" is just right for the "monstre délicat" of "Ennui" in "Au Lecteur," just as "svelte design" captures the aristocratic simplicity of "les nobles attitudes" of the desert sphinxes to which dozing cats are compared in "Les Chats." And there is the rich beauty of the first two lines of "Autumnal," lines that mysteriously manage to give us the eloquent formality of "Chant d'automne" 's opening verses without resorting to an awkwardly literal translation of the second line invocation:

Soon cold shadows will close over us
and summer's transitory gold be gone;

Bientôt nous plongerons dans les
froides ténèbres;
Adieu, vive clarté de nos étés trop
courts!

Baudelaire is at once matter-of-fact and rhetorically grand, prosaic and eloquent, intimate and haughty, disarmingly direct and self-consciously affected. His originality is more tonal than thematic; it lies in the continuous shifting of an exceptionally elusive voice. In a sense, to translate Baudelaire is the most relevant *critical* approach to his poetry; it is by definition an interpretive response to the various ways in which the poet's voice refuses to adhere to its own "positions," moves away from its statements. Baudelaire is in the unlocatable intervals between tones and, as Richard Howard's work demonstrates, to render this intervallic tonality involves a certain dismissal of specifically *French* tonal resources and strategies. Thus the richly sensuous second line of "Autumnal" more than adequately renders the sense of the corresponding French verse, at the same time as the English exploits resources of sound and of verbal condensation wholly alien to the declamatory melancholy of the French.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE BY GEORGES ROUAULT

Richard Howard has submitted Baudelaire's work to a kind of linguistic alchemy. He has not exactly translated the poems ("brought them over" from French to English, helped them to cross the gap between two languages); rather, each poem begins again, this time in English. Specific poetic strategies are frequently more faithful to English as a linguistic system (with its own tradition of poetic language) than to a particular French poem. Thus some of Baudelaire's enumerative sequences get richer inner articulations in English, and, in the English versions of "La Géante" and "Recueillement," diversified verbal forms replace the infinitives which, in French, syntactically hold together a couple of stanzas.

More importantly, the opening note of a Baudelairean poem is often elegantly casual, vague, or indolent. Nothing could be more different, for example, from the radically enigmatic first verse of a Mallarmé poem ("A la nue accablante tu," or "Surgi de la croupe et du bond") than such deceptively straightforward beginnings as: "Avec ses vêtements ondoyants et nacrés, / Même quand elle marche on croirait qu'elle danse" and "Mon enfant, ma soeur, / Songe à la douceur / D'aller

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là-bas vivre ensemble." Howard's English versions begin more sharply, more dramatically: "Even when she walks she seems to dance!/Her garments writhe and glisten . . ." and "Imagine the magic/of living together/there . . ." ("my sister, my child" is both moved to the end of the stanza and punctuated with an exclamation point). A kind of stylish vagueness to which French lends itself is, so to speak, metamorphosed into more direct and more active modes of speech. It is not exactly that Baudelairean casualness is lost or sacrificed; rather, it is recreated in tones more congenial to English.

RICHARD HOWARD'S translation is both truer to Baudelaire *and* more removed from Baudelaire than Robert Lowell's distinguished "imitations" of *Les Fleurs du mal*. Lowell changed the French by emphasizing, indeed by overemphasizing, one of its registers. His exaggeration of the brutal and the sordid in Baudelaire is a kind of appendage of his own poetic sensibility to Baudelaire's, whereas Richard Howard's work is more translinguistic than transtemperamental. In short, Howard has given us a *systemic* transposition of *Les Fleurs du mal*. It is as if he had memorized *Les Fleurs du mal* and then forgotten his French but retained the poems.

Nothing, finally, is more Baudelairean than this extremely ambiguous mobility. In a sense, Howard never leaves *Les Fleurs du mal*, but this very closeness depends on certain radical dismissals of the original. He stays in place, but it is a wholly different "place" from *Les Fleurs du mal*. Somewhat like Baudelaire himself in those love poems where the poet moves closer to the woman by an evocation of distant places which is, paradoxically, the sign of an impatient erotic need *for her*, it is precisely Richard Howard's reinvention of Baudelaire in English that most convincingly documents his passionate attachment to *Les Fleurs du mal*. His "translation" is thus a—necessarily somewhat austere—linguistic version of Baudelairean desire.

LEO BERSANI

Leo Bersani is professor of French at the University of California, Berkeley. His most recent books are *Baudelaire and Freud* (University of California Press) and *The Death of Stéphane Mallarmé* (Cambridge University Press).

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

battles, and that there is a place for parallel actions: moderate by the Church and radical by Solidarity. If the Church defends its own interests and power only, it too is fighting for a pluralistic society.

At this time, the Church's role as protector, giving charitable aid and assistance, is indispensable. The struggle for free unions, freedom of assembly, and the restoration of all other social structures liquidated by Jaruzelski's regime is clearly the province of Solidarity.

We in the West should stop talking about a "meaningful dialogue between the authorities, the Church, and Solidarity," and should rephrase it to read: "a meaningful dialogue between the authorities and Solidarity with the Church as mediator." Western editorial writers should not despair over Poland and should keep it on the agenda.

MAGNUS J. KRYNSKI
CHRYSTAL G. GUY
North Carolina Committee for Solidarity with "Solidarity"
Durham, North Carolina

EXPLICATING LOWELL

To the editors:

John Simon, in his review of Ian Hamilton's *Robert Lowell: A Biography* (TNR, December 27, 1982), states that the author " . . . will gush about the line, 'The Lord survives the rainbow of his will' even though, as he says, no one has been able to explicate it." Might I try?

To whit: The Lord's "will" (presumably) is hard, tight, even terrible—while man's perception of it is weak or soft. Just as a prism splits a single ray of light into various component parts, so do we create a "rainbow" as we try to explain or interpret His "will." Still, the Lord will survive our puny effort to explain heavenly phenomena in terms of mortal criteria. He will, by definition, outlast us and our attempts to soften or prettify His truths. He will not even be held responsible for those who act in His name (as Freud, in another context, is reputed to have said, "Gentlemen, I am no Freudian").

And still Lowell's line, "The Lord survives the rainbow of his will" survives my attempt at explication. Something in it creates an emotional resonance within me, even as I must finally fail in my effort to achieve a perfect, rational explication. Yet I feel it was worth the effort.

U. HAROLD MALES
University Heights, Ohio

TRB, *from page 4*

nations can borrow. The United States contributed $13.5 billion in 1982 and Congress will be asked to increase that by 50 percent or so.

Will bankers emerge with their reputations unsullied? Back in 1929 Wall Street and big business never recovered. Today nobody wants to kick them when they're down, but Congressmen are suspicious about bailing out the bankers. In what some financiers regard as an act of treachery, on January 25 *The Wall Street Journal* seemed to join the critics: it noted what it called the "Administration's decision to go along with ill-considered efforts to bail out all the world's debtors. What started as a relatively modest effort to increase International Monetary Fund reserves is turning into an all-out assault on the U.S. Treasury—led by the Secretary of the Treasury himself."

Here is confusion. A voice from within the Bastille calls for a parley in the midst of the crisis: "There may be some defaults," the *Journal* agrees, and "some banks may get hurt. But there's no way to avoid such pain if the situation is as bad as the experts say it is. There's not enough money—or wisdom—to bail out everybody."

Another test may lie ahead. We have an election to mull over at this rolltop desk, and a recession, and something no other age ever had before: nuclear proliferation. You rub your eyes now and then; here we are on a small planet, with the devil's gift of nuclear power, and we can't reach an agreement about saving ourselves. Reagan has been unfaltering in building up our nuclear weaponry. We are using between a quarter and a third of the national budget for defense. After we pay for defense, and human resources, and interest on the national debt, there is only 7.2 percent left for all the rest of the U.S. government. We spent seven years negotiating SALT II and then didn't ratify it.

So let's go back to Cranston: "I do believe that we cannot really straighten out our economy unless we straighten out the arms race and diminish the incredible costs, the drain of time, attention, and brainpower," he says. "I do not have any illusions about the Soviet Union. They are aggressive. But I think that both nations have not come forward with proposals that are really likely to lead to a change in the present atmosphere." He would try to change the atmosphere, he says, if elected.

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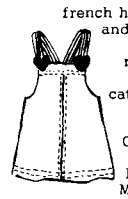

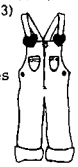

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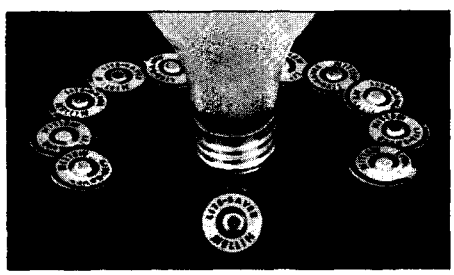

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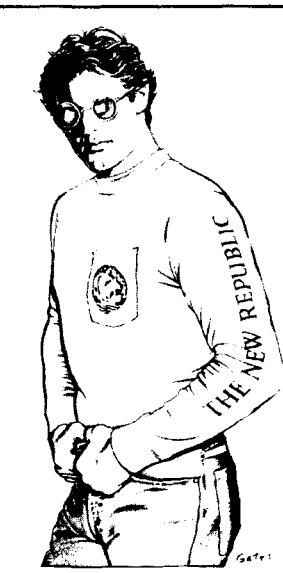

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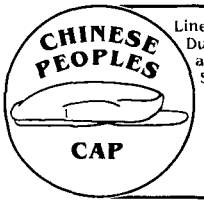

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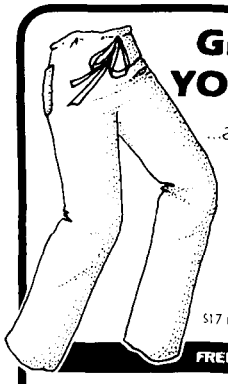

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COLOMBIA DIARIST

Parallels

WHAT'S THE right word for Colombia? I find myself pausing in the middle of writing a postcard, trying to decide between "multifaceted" and "disjointed." It's an uncanny blend of dirt and wonder, of the ordinary and the improbable. It has something of all Latin America in it: tropical heat and Andean chill, the Amazonia and the midlands, the Pacific and the Caribbean, skyscrapers and slums. It is also a case study in Catholic Church influence and legalistic bureaucracy, and it affords a glimpse of the complexities of Latin American politics, whether dictatorial or democratic, whether decided on civil war battlefields or resting on intricate political compromises. Colombia has it all, yet the parts do not add up to a whole. An X-ray of Colombia would reveal not a skeleton but a disarray of bones. It begins with the jagged topography, which requires you to drive for sixteen hours, up and down the mountains, to cover the distance of a twenty-minute flight. Like Colombia's fractured society, the mountains, valleys, and forests lie side by side without fitting together, as close and as alien to each other as two parallels.

PARALLELS? Maybe that's the word. "Para" seems the right prefix for Colombia. Enough is going on in the way of paramilitary activities, of course, but that is hardly Colombia's exclusive preserve. The drug business, though, has reached the proportions of a true para-economy, flooding the country with more dollars (I am told) than are earned by all other Colombian exports, which is the reason (I suppose) why cashing dollars in Bogota feels like being booked at a police station: you are shuffled from office to office, and they take pictures of you and your money. As for para-politics, Colombia's system of political patronage percolates down to the neighborhood level and coexists with the formal functioning of liberal democracy. In the late '50s the Conservative and Liberal parties agreed to a scrupulous distribution of political power and public jobs. Colombians call this system "parity." I'd known that the two parties take turns in the presidency, but I was not quite prepared for the pettiest manifestations of parity: in the courthouse of a small Colombian town, a judge tells me that all personnel of his Minor Offenses Courts, from himself down to the lowest clerk, are Liberals; the sister court, across the corridor, is staffed only by Conservatives. He mentions this while showing me around, in the same tone of voice he uses to tell me about the history of the building.

'COLOMBIA LOVES BELISARIO.' After a few days in Bogota it would not have surprised me a bit to see hearts with that inscription carved in trees. For Colombians seem to be irredeemably infatuated with their new president, Belisario Betancur, the leader of the Conservative Party. On television he comes across as a perfectly ordinary man, except for an extraordinarily sunny smile. His election slogan, in contrast, was assertiveness itself: YES, IT CAN BE DONE. I am told that after taking over he managed quickly to project an image of integrity. I hear the same stories, from both Liberals and Conservatives, over and over again. He is driven around in a small European car. He has instructed his chauffeur to observe the traffic lights, "like everybody else." He serves no alcohol at receptions in the presidential palace. He threw the book at a couple of bankers that "no one before dared to touch." And yes, he is a great communicator. In a country where the difference between Conservatives and Liberals is said to be that the former attend mass at eight and the latter at noon, a president who is popular with a bipartisan constituency should not be all that surprising. What is surprising is that left-wing intellectuals are also infected with hope about him. Some defend their hopes by pointing to the general amnesty he has offered to the vast array of guerrilla movements fighting in the countryside. But I sense in their tone that at bottom they simply enjoy the man's charismatically unpretentious style—an unexpected breeze of fresh air in Colombian politics. "It is a typical political honeymoon," said a young Colombian lawyer, trying to regain some measure of skepticism. A honeymoon, yes, but one of the most rapturous I have seen since Latin America's love affair with John F. Kennedy.

COLOMBIA LOVES Gabriel García Marquez too, of course, but that is an enduring passion, dating back to 1967, when his *One Hundred Years of Solitude* hit Latin American readers much as St. Paul was struck on his way to Damascus. On my last trip to Colombia I had bought García Marquez's latest novel, *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*, which left me envying all who have yet to read it. This time I arrive in Bogota shortly before García Marquez is due to fly to Stockholm to receive the Nobel Prize. I find Colombians levitating, like the priest in one of his novels who rose a few inches above the floor every time he drank hot chocolate. García Marquez has repeatedly said that his celebrated fantasy is just a transcription, into poetic vein, of ordinary Colombian reality, and my Colombian friends' favorite pastime is to recount stories that prove his point. At a dinner party in Cali, conversation revolves exclusively around the wonders of Colombia's daily life. The most prolific storyteller is a young black sociologist from Chocó, a colorful tropical region unknown even to most Colombians. In Chocó, she tells us, birds perch on the wires by the thousands, so packed together that it looks like the musical score of some demanding Chopin *Étude*. I believe her; I had actually seen something close to that myself. But then she offers to prove that the wonderfully ringing names of García Marquez's characters are timid and conventional compared to the names that are found all over Chocó. Names like Circumference, Wholovesyou and Inexpungable. I also believe this. How could I not? Her own name was Priestess.

TWO DAYS LATER I am visiting one of Bogota's poorer slum areas. Eight thousand people have erected their shanties on an immense garbage dump. There are no utilities, of course, yet I see people cooking on gas stoves. How? Someone shows me. He thrusts a long pipe deep into the bland, decomposing soil. Then he touches a match to the top of the pipe, and it bursts into flame. Colombia could do without this kind of wonder, and without the misery it springs from.

JOSÉ ZALAQUETT

José Zalaquett is a Chilean lawyer living in exile.

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